# THE GALLANT LADIES, OR, THE Mutual Confidence. A NOVEL.

*Tranſlated out of* French.

THE SECOND PART.

*LONDON*,
Printed for *Richard Baldwin* in the *Old Baily*. 1685.

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# TO
# Mr. Homer.

Worthy Sir,

*YOur Generous acceptance of the First Part, gives you a kind of Title to the Second; and I think my self bound in Honour to Epistle you again, having omitted several of your Good Qualities in my former Dedica-*

*tion. Beſides, it is a Juſtice due to the* Ladies, *to let them know how much they are oblig'd to you, and to give them notice, that a little of their Aſſiſtance is requir'd to compleat the Reformation which Mr.* Horner *alone hath ſo ſucceſſfully advanc'd. I cannot, I confeſs, but applaud the Enterpriſe, tho' I am perhaps one of thoſe it is deſign'd againſt; but I long for Repriſals, and my own Horns will be the leſs ſtar'd*

*at*

*at, when I have planted as large a Pair on the Head of my Neighbour. This mutual Freedom we all owe to you, Mr.* Horner; *you have ſlackned the Bonds of Matrimony, which wrung us ſo hard, and have rendred that Yoke more eaſie. You have, like a true* Whigg, *taken away the Prerogative of a Tyrannical Husband, and have turn'd that* Monarchy *into a* Free State: *You have given us our much, our long-deſir'd*

Liberty, *never till now ſo perfectly enjoy'd.*

*And now,* Mr. Horner, *it is fit to tell the World what Steps you have made in this Glorious Deſign, what Means you have us'd to deſtroy your Deſtroyer. But ſome may ſay,* You *have been too ſevere, you have declin'd the Old Way of making your* Cuckold *your* Friend: Mr. Horner *ſcorns theſe Common Methods, they are too Groſſier for a Man of his quick*

Parts,

*Parts, too mean for a Perſon of his Generoſity. He betrays not a* Friend, *but ſubdues an* Enemy; *yet gives him warning to defend himſelf; defies him fairly, and tells him,* he ſhall be a Cuckold in ſpite of his Teeth. *This perhaps may not be ſo Civil, but Mr.* Bays *will tell you 'tis Great.*

*Nor has Mr.* Horner *leſs teſtified his Addreſs, in out-witting thoſe Natural Spies,* Mothers, Wife, Co-

Coſins, &c. *It is from them he hath receiv'd his chief Aſſiſtance, and hath turn'd them, as his own Cannon, againſt the Enemy; hath convinc'd them how neceſſary it is their* Relation *ſhould be a* Cuckold, *and hath unanſwerably prov'd,* That the onely Means to cure him of his Jealouſie, is to make him Certain. *'Tis true, ſome have maliciouſly proſecuted him, and, conſulting their Fear, have fil'd*

*fil'd an* Information, *in ſtead of ſending a* Challenge; *yet even This, in the end, will add to his Reputation, when it ſhall appear to the World, they have beſought him for an Accommodation by Terms ſo much to his Advantage:* Like *the* French *King, who hath gain'd more by making* Peace, *than ever he Conquer'd with his moſt Victorious Armies.*

*But I would not importune you too much, Mr.* Horner,

Horner, *especially when your Adventures are a fitter Subject for a* Novel *it self, than a* Dedication: *And I hear there is a Celebrated* Genie *lately arriv'd from* France, *so much pleas'd with them, that he hath already set Pen to Paper. I doubt not but he will fully make up what I fall short of, and do Mr.* Horner *that Justice I design him. I promise to teach him* English *when he comes abroad,*

*abroad, and ſhall be proud to be your* Hiſtorian, *tho' at Second Hand.*

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THE

# THE GALLANT LADIES, OR, THE Mutual Confidence.

THE Counteſs of *Marignan*, and Madam *de Mezelon*, fail'd not to meet, as they promis'd one another, next day at the *Thuilleries*. After they had walk'd half an hour, and diſcours'd in general of the Changes that Marriage ordinarily produces, they retir'd into a Path where little Company came, where they ſate down, and the Counteſs diſcharg'd her Promiſe, by relating her Adventures in this manner.

# *The History of the Countess of* Marignan.

I Shall tell you nothing, *Madam*, of the Beginning of my Life, because we spent it together; and I doubt not but you remember how much against my will I married the Marquis of *Mondanar*: but your going into the Country some time before that fatal Match, obliges me to let you know what preceded it, that you may the better understand what follow'd. As soon as the Articles of my Marriage were sign'd, all the Marquis of *Mondanar*'s Relations visited me; and among the rest, he presented the Count of *Blesinac* to me, as his best Friend, and desir'd me to look upon him as such. What a folly it was in such a Man as *Mondanar* to ingage his Mistris to be kind to *Blesinac*? The first, as you know, Madam, was above threescore

threeſcore years old, and the Infirmities he lay under, rendred his Age very decrepit. His way of dreſſing himſelf did not at all repair the Defects of his Perſon; and, to open my Heart wholly to you, I confeſs his Humour and his Mind were yet more diſpleaſing than all the reſt. He was covetous, rigid, contradicting, and knew Pleaſure no otherwiſe than to avoid the uſe of it himſelf, and to forbid others whom he had any power over. In ſhort, my Deſtiny was to marry this Man, for whom I had almoſt an invincible averſion. But Parents do not reaſon as we do, when they think of ſetling us, as they call it, in the World. The Marquis his Quality and great Eſtate made mine not conſult me at all in a Match ſo contrary to my Inclination: They took care I ſhould have a good Portion and Joynture, and that was all they look'd after.

Though the Marquis was aſſaul-

ted with his uſual Pains, yet he would not delay our Marriage, which was celebrated at night. My old Spouſe went back to his own Houſe, and I return'd with my Mother, very well ſatisfied to part with him; but the whole Family was ſtrangely ſurpris'd at it, and their aſtoniſhment encreas'd, when next day he told my Mother, I muſt go into *Languedoc* with him. Then he came into my Chamber, to acquaint me with the doleful News. *Well, Madam,* ſaid he to me, *are you ready to go into the Country with me to morrow?* The Word *to morrow* frighted me ſo, that I could not help changing Colour. *What is the reaſon,* added he, *that you bluſh ſo? Do you think I will ſtay and ruine my Eſtate in* Paris? *No, Madam, I am ſick, and I do not like the Place: Once more I bid you prepare to go along with me.* I told him with a ſorrowful Heart, I was ready to do what he pleas'd. Then he chuck'd me under

under the Chin, kiſs'd my Forehead, and went to give order for our Journey; ſo that I ſaw him no more that day. This fantaſtical Proceeding made my Mother gueſs I ſhould not be happy. The good Woman repented ſhe had conſider'd the Fortune more than the Perſon of the Man, and deſir'd the Count of *Bleſinac* to give me all the Conſolation he could. You may imagine how it fretted me to leave *Paris*.

*Bleſinac* went along with us; and I perceiv'd, that in conſenting to this Journey at my Husband's requeſt, he complied perfectly to have the ſatisfaction of accompanying me. When we were a little out of Town, the Marquis made the Coach ſtop upon a riſing Ground, from whence I might have almoſt an intire View of it: Then with a cruel Tone, *Madam*, ſaid he, *look well upon* Paris, *for this is the laſt time you are like to ſee it while I live. I too well knew how dangerous it is for me*

*to let you live there any longer; and I muſt tell you, a Woman of Honour ought to look upon the Town as the worſt Shelf her Vertue can ſplit upon.* I anſwer'd not one Word to what he ſaid, contenting my ſelf to think what Common Senſe ſuggeſted upon ſuch an occaſion. *You make me no Reply,* continued my Husband, *perhaps becauſe you fancy you ſhall return thither. I am not ſo far from thence yet,* ſaid I, *to think of going back again. No, you had not beſt,* anſwer'd he, *let me adviſe you; for if you did, it ſhould be to no purpoſe.* As the Coach jogg'd on, he reckon'd up what the Journey would ſtand him in, and then was vex'd at the charge of it. The Count was in ſuch conſtraint to hear all this impertinent Diſcourſe, that he durſt not look upon me. But I often made excuſes to get out of the Coach, ſometimes to eaſe the Horſes, and ſometimes for fear of overturning, only to avoid my

my Husbands tireſom Company.

I remember one day I alighted to walk, and the Count led me; I thought of nothing but his Kinſman's ill humour, which with the little inclination I had to be merry, put me into a deep muſing. He could not forbear asking me the reaſon of it. *I have*, ſaid I, *ſo lately quitted the Perſons I love, and my mind is poſſeſs'd with ſuch a wretched proſpect of the future, that I cannot chuſe being melancholy, either when I reflect upon what I have left behind, or think what my Duty obliges me to in my preſent condition. I confeſs, Madam*, ſaid *Bleſinac*, Monſieur de Mondanar *does not underſtand his own happineſs, and makes but ill uſe of a Bleſſing which is capable of rendring the beſt man in the World intirely happy. I cannot agree with you wholly*, anſwered I, *but I am perſwaded, whether I make him happy or no, he will make me very miſerable. I never wiſh'd*, continued I,

*to live drown'd in Pleaſure; but I always apprehended misfortunes, and I would not have deſir'd more of Heaven, than a quiet peaceable life, which now I find will not fall to my ſhare. I grant, Madam,* ſaid *Bleſinac, that a Calm is delightful; but it may alſo be interrupted by thoughts no leſs pleaſing. Were that tranquility,* ſaid I, *once in my power, I know no body that could comfort me, ſhould I loſe it. And for my part,* anſwered *Bleſinac, I ſhould be ſorry not to loſe that quiet which I preſerv'd till I had the honour to ſee you. Accuſe me not,* ſaid I, *of doing you ſo much miſchief, for I fear I could not make you amends, and truly, I deſign not to do you any. But I find by your Diſcourſe, you do but ſeek to excuſe your ſelf from comforting of me, and you quite forget my Mother's requeſt to you. No, Madam,* reply'd the Count, *I do not forget it, but what can you expect from a miſerable Creature, who ſuffers for you, and himſelf*

*himſelf too, and ſtands more in need of conſolation than you do.* I had ſuch a dreadful notion of a Declaration of Love, as if it were a Monſter, but in this I found nothing but what was Reſpectful, and Noble, and could not find in my Heart to be diſpleas'd at it. As good luck would have it, we juſt came to the place where the Coach ſtaid for us, for I did not well know what anſwer to make him.

Next day an accident befel me which increas'd my averſion to the Marquis, and more plainly diſcover'd the Counts affection to me. We were overturn'd, and I hurt my Head very much in the fall; beſides which, I had the diſpleaſure to hear my Husband take no notice of my pain, all his ſorrow was for the breaking of his Coach. So that he had no manner of care of me, but the Count of *Bleſiac* gave me all the Aſſiſtance he could. And for all my hurt we were fain to go on to

*Chateauroux* as ſoon as our Tackling was mended.

I ſhould never have done, if I ſhould tell you all the reaſons I had to complain of the Marquis this Journey. But ſtill *Bleſinac* repair'd all his faults by ſome mark or other of his Love. At laſt we came to *Mondanar*, where we had a ſorrowful welcome. The Count ſtaid there a fortnight, during which time I often ſaid to my ſelf, that ſure it was no Crime in me to love him, ſeeing I had no other remedy to ſweeten my misfortunes. What would you have done, Madam? Our Hearts ſeldom want Reaſons to perſwade them to abandon themſelves to a Paſſion they are inclin'd to. I accuſtom'd my ſelf by degrees to hear the Count aſſure me of his affection, and fidelity. I ſuffer'd him alſo to believe I was not inſenſible of his merit. Well, Madam, would he ſay to me ſometimes, are you ſtill for tranquility,

and

and are you not ſenſible with what a pleaſing pain Love fills the Heart? *I underſtand it ſo little,* anſwered I one day when he was talking thus to me, *that I can hardly diſtinguiſh what I think; but conſidering the Humour I am of, I believe I ſhall be extreamly ſubject to what you deſcribe. For I begin now to apprehend not only abſence, but being forgotten too by the man who ſays he loves me. I fear you will be falſe, and inconſtant. Judge then,* purſued I, *if ſuch thoughts as theſe afford my mind much repoſe.*

*Bleſinac* was very aſſiduous in obviating all my fears, and he no leſs dreaded abſence than my ſelf. He ſang pretty well, and I had a tolerable Voice, ſo ſometimes we ſung together; but as ſoon as my Husband heard us, he told me very rudely, *Singing would not do the buſineſs of my Family.* In ſhort, he could not indure it, and forbid me this Divertiſment, as if it had been

a Crime. He gave his Kinſman alſo to underſtand he ſhould take it ill if he left not his Houſe, upon which the Count went away next morning. All the miſeries of Baniſhment are ſhort of what I ſuffered by the Marquis his Whimſeys, and the absence of *Bleſinac*. I had ſtill the liberty to think all day on the only Perſon, the remembrance of whom could any way alleviate my afflictions; but I was not ſo happy as to preſerve this freedom long. My Husband had a Siſter who died, and left an only Daughter for him to take care of. Before he brought her to me, he was ſo cautious as to forbid her concerning her ſelf in any thing to my advantage, and I can aſſure you, ſhe has been always very far from it. She was perfectly like her Uncle in his Humour and Behaviour, and much more violent than he. Her out-ſide was ſo diſagreeable, that the ſight of her

choqu'd

choqu'd me, and it was a puniſhment to me to look upon her.

The Death of my Siſter-in-law was a pretence for *Bleſinac* to come to our Houſe, and though *Criſante*, ſo was my Husbands Niece call'd, was altogether rude, and wild, yet ſhe began to be more gentle to the Count. She look'd on him ſo greedily, one would have ſworn ſhe had never ſeen a Man before. I cannot better expreſs the odd rowling motion of her Eyes. She knew nothing of the World, and therefore no wonder ſhe behaved her ſelf ſo indecently. I would have given her good Counſel, but ſhe obſtinately refus'd it.

I know not how it came into *Bleſinac*'s Head one day to tell her, ſhe had good Teeth. She believ'd him, and becauſe no body had ſaid ſo much to her before, ſhe fancied he thought her a fine Woman. This ridiculous Opinion, with her Countrey carriage, made her a pleaſant

Figure:

Figure: but I was not diſpos'd to divert my ſelf with her, ſhe was ſo diſtaſtful to me upon other accounts, that I could not indure her. She was a good Fortune already, beſides the expectation of being Heireſs to my Husband; which caus'd the Count's Father to propoſe a Match between her, and his Son. The Marquis at firſt eaſily conſented to it; and to ſpeak ſincerely, I was not againſt it, becauſe ſhe was incapable of robbing me of the Count's Heart. It was not eaſie for me to perſwade him to it, he reproach'd me with want of Love, ſince I was willing he ſhould marry. At laſt the Match was ſo conſiderable, that he overcame his diſlike, and declar'd himſelf *Criſante's* Servant. It is true, it was a viſible conſtraint upon him, to ſay any thing to her that was obliging. After all, to our general aſtoniſhment, my Husband was ſo fantaſtical, that he would not conclude the Match. *Bleſinac's* Father urg'd him either

either to finiſh or break off, becauſe he had another Woman in his view that was as good a Match for his Son as the Marquis his Neece. I had particular Reaſons too to wiſh *Bleſinac* married to *Criſante*, but all was to no purpoſe. The Marquis was poſitive, and when a Relation of the Count's told him, it was time to Sign the Articles, he ſaid he would not, for he had chang'd his Mind.

This refuſal made me very melancholy, and you may believe, troubled the Count much more. He complain'd loudly of it, and my Husband and he quarrell'd, ſo that they ſaw one another no more. Though I was vex'd, I would not ſhew it, but let *Criſante*'s violent humour work, who if I would have open'd, would hardly have let me ſpeak a Word. *Bleſinac* fancy'd I was not ſo much of his ſide as I ought, and that I might have ſpoke more effectually for him

him than I did. But I convinc'd him how unjuſtly he complain'd, by ſhewing him, that if I had been more zealous, it would have made my Husband Jealous of me, which was the way to ruine our correſpondence. He approv'd my Reaſons, and we parted very good Friends. However I perceiv'd there was an Intrigue between the Count and *Criſante*, but I could not ſee the depth of it, and things continued in this poſture for ſome time.

*Bleſinac*'s Relations gave out, he was to marry a Neighbour's Daughter, who was rich, and very handſom: But this News did not at all alarm me, becauſe I firmly believ'd he would reſolve on nothing, without conſulting me firſt. Yet it ſeems he had contriv'd a Deſign which I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of.

My Husband being taken with his uſual Pains, I ſate up late with him, and wonder'd to ſee his Niece

go out of the Room before me; yet I could not imagine there was any thing more in it than Rudeneſs; for ſhe did not underſtand her Duty enough to comply with it as ſhe ought. I believ'd then her neglect proceeded from her vexation that her Match was broke off, and ſo went to bed without any more reflexion. At break of day they wak'd me out of a ſound Sleep, to tell me the Caſtle was on fire, but they knew not which way it came ſo; that the Bridges were down, and the Gates open. I preſently ſent to *Criſante*'s Chamber, who was not there; we look'd for her every where to no purpoſe, for ſhe was gone away. I confeſs, Madam, notwithſtanding the fright I was in at the Fire, I was really angry with *Bleſinac* for not letting me know his Deſign; for I did not queſtion but he was concern'd in *Criſante*'s Flight, and had carried her away with him. I roſe preſently, and acquainted

acquainted my Husband, who was as much inrag'd at it as might well be expected, and profecuted *Bleſinac* ſo home, as to get the Parliament of *Tholouſe*, which is very ſevere in Caſes of Rape, to condemn him to loſe his Head, which was no difficult thing for him to effect.

Till now I was ſlighted in the Family, and it ſeems this Accident open'd my Husband's Eyes, to ſee how he had wrong'd me, and made him repent of living after ſuch an odd way with me. It was certainly to be reveng'd of his Niece for her Diſobedience, and to ſhew how little he valued *Bleſinac*, that he treated me much more civilly than uſually. I received ſufficient proofs of his Kindneſs; and I believe, had not my Heart been preingag'd to *Bleſinac*, I might have been happy. But alas! I could not, as angry as I was that he conceal'd his Deſign from me, I could not help loving him more than ever; nor was I able

able to ſhake off my Sorrow, tho' the Marquis did all he could to divert me. I had now no cauſe to find fault with his Carriage to me, but I obſerv'd his Pains encreaſe, and his Health diminiſh every day: His Death I believ'd would bring me into a great deal of trouble; and indeed I took all the care that was poſſible of him. But at laſt he fell quite ſick, and died, leaving me all his Eſtate, to prevent all Differences with thoſe who might pretend to be his Heirs, and to exclude his Niece who ran away, and married without his Conſent.

I had not ſo much as a condoling Complement from *Bleſinac* upon this Occaſion; quite contrary, his Father declar'd againſt me, and without conſulting me, took thoſe indirect ways to compaſs his Ends, as he thought would be moſt to my diſadvantage; but in ſtead of prejudicing, this further'd my Affairs. Perhaps, Madam, you may imagine,

a Rich Widow, as I was then, might be inclinable enough to be merry; but if you do, you are deceiv'd: my Mind was in ſuch diſorder, that I was never ſo melancholy in my Life. My Husband's Kindneſs in leaving me ſo well provided, made me ſincerely deplore the Loſs of him: Beſides, I fancied *Bleſinac* did not care for me; I had no ground to think otherwiſe; or, if I had, it was to no purpoſe, becauſe he was married. Theſe Thoughts kept me from relliſhing the Pleaſure of my Freedom. Whatever I ſaw at *Mondanar* did but improve my Melancholy; and therefore I reſolv'd to go back to *Paris*: and when I came thither, I was as uneaſie as in *Languedoc*; for my Diſeaſe accompanied me; and though I thought I had taken the beſt Courſe to ſettle my Mind, by getting as far from *Bleſinac* as I could, yet I found it would not do. A Heart, Madam, that is once really ingag'd, cannot preſently

preſently be indifferent; and one may hate and love forty times ſooner than arrive at that bleſſed Inſenſibility.

The Reputation I had of being Rich, and behaving my ſelf prudently when I was married, brought me a great many Suitors of conſiderable Quality: but I entertain'd none of their Propoſals, and led ſo reſerv'd a Life, that People believ'd I was reſolv'd not to change my Condition. Sometimes I viſited the Marqueſs of *Montaigre*, becauſe ſhe declin'd Company as I did, and hardly ſaw any body beſides the *Chevalier de Marignan* her Brother. We ſpent whole Hours together, which few People do, without ſaying one Word: She loved to read, and I was as much delighted to hear her: and doubtleſs that which diverted us, would have ſoon tir'd any of the Women of the Town. Her Brother came but ſeldom to ſee her, becauſe he loved Mirth, which he

he was ſure to miſs of in our Company. But at laſt by little and little he us'd himſelf to our Method of Life. He told me, I had reſcued him from his trifling ſantring Converſation, and inſpir'd him with Thoughts which till then he had been a Stranger to. I was ſo little inclin'd to believe him, that I propos'd a Match for him to his Siſter with a Kinſwoman of mine: But he would not hear of it, perſiſting ſtill to give me freſh Evidences of the value he had for me. I fancied at leaſt that now I perfectly hated *Bleſinac*, and ſhould plague him damnably by marrying again. Upon this account I gave *Marignav* no diſcouragement; but yet I had a mind to try whether Intereſt or Love were moſt prevalent in him; which I did this way. I got a Letter written to me, as if it came out of *Languedoc*; the Contents were, *That ſome of my Husband's Relations had ſet up a Title which would*

*would ſtrip me of all he had left me.* For all this, the *Chevalier* did not cool at all; and what convinc'd me moſt that he really lov'd me, was, that after his elder Brother, whoſe Eſtate came to him, was dead in the Army, he preſs'd me more than ever to give my Conſent. He diſcours'd with my Friends about it, and married me though his own Kindred diſſuaded him; and quarrell'd with his Siſter too, who was as averſe to the Match as any body elſe.

I believ'd, Madam, that I lov'd him, and I had good reaſon to do ſo; yet I was no ſooner married, but I began to ſcruple it. *What*, ſaid I to my ſelf, *ſhould* Bleſinac's *Fault have inſpir'd me with any thing but ſorrowful thoughts? Ones Heart may be once in ones Life ingag'd; but it is an inexcuſable weakneſs to give way to a ſecond Affection. What then have I done! Can I forgive my ſelf believing I could live happy with any*

*but*

*but* Bleſinac? Well, I did all I could to quiet my Mind, but I could not poſſibly get rid of theſe afflicting Thoughts. I was not born to be ever at eaſe; and if it has been your luck to be always beloved, it has been mine to find in my ſelf an inexhauſtible Spring of Troubles and Diſquiet. What care ſoever I took to conceal it, my Husband diſcover'd it; yet he was ſo civil, as to take no notice of it, and endeavour'd rather to cure my Diſeaſe, than to let me ſee he was acquainted with it. He gave me all the Divertiſements which he thought capable of diſſipating my Melancholy; but it was grown ſo habitual to me, that he was fain to accuſtom himſelf to it. He had always known me in ſorrow, and ſo I had the leſs difficulty to perſuade him it proceeded from my Conſtitution. That which accompliſh'd my miſery, was, the News of the Counteſs of *Bleſinac*'s Death. I was inform'd, her Husband

Husband griev'd but little for her, and that he was not ſo unconcern'd at my Marriage as I imagin'd. The Reflexions I made upon her Death, improv'd my Melancholy; but to avoid giving my Husband occaſion to queſtion me upon a Subject which I ſhould have been ſorry to have diſcover'd, I often walk'd out alone, and found a great deal of Pleaſure in Solitude. One day a Kinſwoman of mine, who had a pretty Seat a little out of Town, deſir'd me to ſpend ſome time there, aſſuring me I ſhould have all the freedom to meditate and muſe that I could wiſh. I acquainted my Huſband, who eaſily conſented, and in the mean time went a Hunting with the Marquis *de Marcilly*.

I went out of Town in my Kinſwomans Coach, taking no body with me but a Woman and a Footman. When we came to her Houſe, ſhe left me a little while alone, and at her return, *Will you go*, ſaid ſhe

to me, *into a pretty Cloſet in the Garden, where there is an excellent Proſpect. With all my Heart,* ſaid I, *upon condition you will leave me there to muſe by my ſelf a while.* She laugh'd, and told me ſhe believ'd I would not be ſo delighted with muſing as I fancy'd. When we came to the Cloſet, ſhe open'd the Door, and I went in firſt, thinking to find no body there, and was extreamly ſurpriz'd to ſee *Bleſnac* there in a dreſs that ſuited perfectly with the ſorrowful Air of his Countenance. I turn'd to my Kinſwoman to reproach her for deceiving me ſo, and would have gone away, conſidering my Circumſtances would not admit of ſo dangerous a Converſation; but they both ſtopp'd me, and I could not eſcape hearing, and ſeeing *Bleſnac*, in whom I obſerv'd all the marks of profound grief. I confeſs, Madam, the ſight of him made me

turn

turn pale, and diſturb'd me ſo, that I can neither tell you what I then thought, or what he ſaid to me at firſt. All I know is, that he threw himſelf at my Feet, and his Eyes told me more than his Mouth. I was ſo diffident of my ſelf upon this occaſion, that I avoided his looks as much as I could. In ſhort, when he found I would not ſpeak to him, *Ah, Madam,* ſaid he, *what can you do more againſt me? and why are you ſo reſolv'd to be reveng'd on me before you know whether I am guilty or no? I am not to examine,* ſaid I to him, *now, whether you are innocent or no; the truth is, it is a crime in me to ſee you, and ſhould I ſee you every day, and were convinc'd you had given me no reaſon to complain of you, yet you would be never the happier. Therefore let me ſtill think you have offended me, and believe on your ſide, I have infinitely wrong'd you, and let us not venture a Reconciliation that may endanger*

*our quiet. Alas, Madam,* answer'd he, *I will see you no more, since you desire it; but if this must be the last time, permit me at least to clear my self to you, that I may no longer leave you in an errour so prejudicial to my honour.*

While *Blesinac* spoke to me, I found my yielding Heart took his part against my self; and besides my Kinswoman told me, it was no harm to give him the hearing. *Forgive me, Madam,* continued he, *if I begin my Justification with Reproaches. You accuse me of inconstancy; pray tell me what convincing proof did you ever give me of your Affection? I was so far your Friend, as to be the confident of your misfortunes. You gave me leave to mention my Passion to you sometimes, and you did not forbid me believing you had a kindness for me; but your confidence in me never went farther than Words, and I did not think them ground enough to frustrate a settle-*

*ment*

*ment which you your ſelf ingag'd me to. Since that time, Madam, appearances have deceiv'd us both, and I doubt not but I ſhall convince you, I have abundance of Reaſon to complain of your proceedings with me.* I did not anſwer him, becauſe I began ſecretly to lay the blame of what he had done upon my ſelf. However I told him as things ſtood now it was all one whether we were angry with, or pity'd one another.

There is no task ſo hard to any one that values their Honour, as to reconcile their Duty with their Inclination. Both of them tyrannize over us, one impoſes upon us with authority, the other draws us by force. I knew what was owing to my Husband; but I was much more ſenſible of the effects of a long habitual Love upon a tender Heart. I married the Count of *Marignax*, thinking to revenge my ſelf upon *Bleſinac*, and in hopes the deſert

and Friendſhip of one would baniſh that kindneſs out of my Heart, which I fancy'd was ſo ungratefully repay'd. *Bleſinac* look'd upon himſelf in honour oblig'd to juſtifie himſelf to me, which he could not do without telling me all that had happen'd to him. I had alſo a great deſire to be inform'd, and had no ſooner given him leave to tell his Story, but he began in this manner.

*You are not Ignorant, Madam of my Fathers commanding me to make my Addreſſes to* Criſante, *nor of what preceded Mounſieur* de Mondanar's *refuſal to accompliſh the Match. When I had once declar'd, I thought my ſelf bound in honour to proceed, all my Relations perſwaded me to it, and* Criſante *her ſelf urg'd me, telling me, it was baſe in me to have any manner of reſpect to her Uncle. She told me further, that ſhe perceiv'd you were not of my ſide, and would never conſent I ſhould carry her*

*her away. And truly I could not but diſcover that you ſupported my Intereſt very faintly with your Huſband; ſo that what I knew already agreeing with what ſhe ſaid to me, I reſolv'd not to acquaint you with any thing. Beſides I fancy'd you would not take it ill not to be acquainted with ſuch a deſign; and as to our marriage, I could not believe, ſince it was once your opinion, that you could change your mind. Theſe were the Reaſons, Madam, that you were not of our Counſel. I heard from* Criſante *every day by ſuch means as would be tedious for me to tell you, the remembrance of it pleaſes me ſo little, I care not to recall it. She made a ſhift to get the Key of the Draw-bridge, to take the print of it in Wax, and ſend it me, by which I had one made, which I gave her, and we then agreed upon a day for me to come with Horſes to the Avenue of the Caſtle; ſhe undertook to get out to me, and I had nothing to do but to wait for her.*

*her. I doubt not but you were much ſurpriz'd when they told you the Houſe was on Fire, which happen'd upon this account, you ſat up ſo late, that day began to break when you went to Bed, which made her think as ſoon as you ſhould ſee the Draw-bridge down, you would ſuſpect ſhe was gone off, and purſue her, unleſs you were hindred by ſome conſiderable accident. So without conſidering the conſequences, ſhe did what her fancy led her to; and when ſhe, and her Woman came to me, they laugh'd ready to burſt themſelves, and told me,* they had burnt their Quarters.

*Thus you ſee I accompliſh'd my wretched Deſign but too eaſily. We took the way that led towards* Rouergue, *where I had provided a Sanctuary for us in the Baron* de Gouſtignac's *Houſe, whoſe Lady is my Aunt. They made us welcom at firſt, but afterwards I found I was miſtaken when I thought that place would have been an Aſylum to us.*

*The*

*The Baron had a Son newly come from* Paris, *where he had been a Muſquetier in the eldeſt Company, a very pert, flaſhy young Fop, and this his Father call'd the Court Breeding. This Spark finding* Criſante *was like to be a good Fortune, thought her as convenient for himſelf, as me, and if he could but get her good will, made no ſcruple of betraying his Kinſman. When I had been ſome time at* Gouſtignac, *I deſired my Aunt to contrive it ſo that we might be married there; but her Husband daily ſtarting new difficulties, at laſt, ſhe told me with Tears in her Eyes, I muſt expect no aſſiſtance from her; ſhe perceiv'd her Husband, and her Son had great Deſigns upon* Criſante, *and gave me warning to be gone before they had time to put their intentions in execution. I made uſe of this Advice, and that very night after Supper, as ſoon as I ſaw the Baron, and the Muſquetier gone to Bed, we left* Gouſtignac, *intending only to get*

*from thence, we follow'd no certain Rode, and having travel'd all night, my* Valet de Chambre *perceiv'd we were near a Forreſt, where there was a Glaſs-houſe, with the Maſter of which, and ſome Gentlemen thereabouts, he was acquainted. He told us we might ſtay there ſome days conveniently enough, till we had reſolv'd what place to chuſe for our retreat. I propoſed this to* Criſante, *who always delighted in contradiction, and if ever ſhe yielded, it was ſtill after a tedious diſpute. Her wilfulneſs now had like to have coſt us dear.*

*When we were within two Leagues of the Mountains of* Rouergue *we were ſet upon by twelve or fifteen Thieves. I believ'd at firſt we were diſcover'd, and that they were People ſent after us by Mounſieur* de Gouſtignac; *but they aim'd only at our Purſes, as we found by their firſt ſalutes; for they robb'd us without any mercy, ſtripping us very near of all our Clothes. After this I needed no great eloquence to*

perſwade

*perſwade* Criſante *to go to the Glaſs-houſe; the queſtion was now, how we ſhould get thither, and whether they would entertain us or no, conſidering what an Equipage we were left in.* Criſante's *Perſon ſpoke but little in her favour, and I had not ſo good an opinion of my own, as to hope it would do me any ſervice. My Man* Ruſat *took all upon himſelf, and ſo we began our Journey wich was very tireſom to us, who were not uſed to beat the Hoof ſo far. Even now and then we found Houſes in the Forreſt, where they reliev'd us with Bread, and Water, which however was very welcome to us, and at night we had the luck to meet with a Cottage where we lodg'd, for* Criſante *was quite ſpent, and had much a do to go on next day, that we might get to the Glaſs-houſe. As Peoples Humours are various, ſo we found great difference there in our reception; ſome of the Gentlemen laught at us, ſome pitied us, and others were very inquiſitive into our Adventures.*

*ventures. Those who had most Sense used us civilly, and by our Speech, Behaviour, and what Cloathes we had left, guess'd we deserv'd to be so treated, and offer'd us their Huts, for I can call their Houses no other, to lie in.* Crisante *staid at* Fregonce's, *the Master of the Glass-work, and I quarter'd with a Gentleman nam'd* Mondany.

*Next day I sent away* Ruset *to acquaint my Father with what had happen'd to us, and to desire him to assist us either to go further, if there was a necessity for it, or to come back again to him, if he thought fit. I order'd him besides to inquire after you, and to deliver a Letter to you, which I had privately given him. I forgot to tell you, he had inform'd* Fregonce *that we were People of Quality. We acquainted him then what mischance brought us thither in such a wretched condition, and he was so civil as to furnish us with Clothes suitable enough to our Circumstances,*

*ces, and the place where we were.* Criſante *now importun'd me to marry her, but ſtill, though I really intended it, yet my ſecret inclinations, made me find ſome reaſon or other to put it off. At laſt ſhe ſpoke of it to* Fregonce, *who took ſuch pains to convince me how much I was oblig'd to give her that ſatisfaction, ſince her kindneſs to me had ingag'd her to follow me, that I conſented to let a Brother of his, who was a Prieſt, marry us privately that very night. Ah! Madam, had you but ſeen how ſorrowfully I paſs'd that dreadful night, and the firſt days that ſucceeded it, I am ſure you would have pardon'd me. I thought of nothing but you, and I look'd upon her Fortune which was the only motive to the Match, as the original of all my miſeries.* Criſante *did not look ſo narrowly into my thoughts, ſhe took me for what I appear'd to be, and I had enough to do to bear with her Careſſes, and her ill Humour too, for they*

*were*

*were both in the extreams. But my repentance was not ſufficient to ſatisfie your revenge without freſh perſecutions which Love brought upon me. I think I told you I lay at* Mondany's, *but I ſaid nothing af his Siſter who liv'd with him. This young Woman whoſe name was* Diana, *fancied I muſt needs be her* Endymion, *and gave me all manner of incouragement to court her, but I was not in the humour to divert my ſelf that way. However the firſt expreſſions of my coldneſs did not reſtrain her; ſhe was handſom, and knew her Charms could not fail of their effect where the Heart was not preingag'd. She gueſs'd therefore with probability enough if I had any intrigue with* Criſante *it was out of Intereſt, which would not be difficult to break off. She often told me, I was not nice in my taſt, and if I had not weighty Reaſons to juſtifie my choice, I could hardly avoid forfeiting my diſcretion. I would not anſwer her diſobligingly,*

*and*

*and my civility to her indulg'd her weakneſs ſo far, it had like to have coſt me my Life.*

*She made her Brother believe I was in love with her, which if diſcover'd to* Criſante, *ſhe told him, would be a means for him to gain her affection from me, becauſe ſhe was ſo ſubject to gratifie her Paſſions.* Mondany *ſoon yielded to his Siſter's perſwaſions. They knew I had ſtoln away* Criſante, *but they did not at all ſuſpect our being married. So he was very aſſiduous about her, and flatter'd him ſelf with hopes of ſucceſs. He made her ſeveral ſmall preſents of his Work, and entertain'd her with Conſorts of Hautbois, and Bagpipes; it pleas'd me to ſee her ſo diverted, for it gave me the more freedom of enjoying my melancholy thoughts. At laſt ſhe told me one day with ſome kind of joy, that* Mondany *had told her, I was in love with his Siſter, and then made a Declaration of his own Paſſion to her. I adviſ'd her to make ſport*

*with*

*with him, and not to own any thing of our marriage.*

Mondany *was as handſom for a Man, as his Siſter was for a Woman, and knew how to value himſelf; ſo that looking on me as the only obſtacle to his Deſigns, he caſt about how to get rid of me. But this requir'd time, knowing therefore his Siſter had a kindneſs for me, he deſir'd her to uſe her utmoſt endeavours to ingage me, that I might not hinder him from gaining* Criſante, *who he ſaid gave him no great diſcouragement.* Diana *ſerv'd her Brother as he deſir'd, and very dextrouſly gave me to underſtand that* Criſante *entertain'd his Addreſſes ſo well, that it look'd as if ſhe intended to marry him. While* Diana *thus made it her buſineſs to compaſs my Affection, her Brother was contriving how to put it out of my Power to diſpute* Criſante *with him. One morning I ſaw a Stranger come into his Houſe, who looked very earneſtly upon me, as if he had ſeen me before.*

*I preſently left the Room for fear he ſhould call to mind who I was, and went to* Fregonce's *to ſee* Criſante, *who was not well. The apprehenſion we had of diſcovering our marriage kept us from lying together. I ſtaid almoſt all day with her, and in the evening we heard a great noiſe towards the Furnace, where they ſaid* Mondany *was juſt then kill'd. As I was going to know the truth of this accident, I ſaw them drag a Man along, whom they took for the Murtherer, and knew him to be the ſame who look'd ſo attentively upon me in the morning, and innocently told thoſe who had hold of him, I believ'd he was not guilty, becauſe he ſeem'd to be one of* Mondany's *Friends, whom they brought with them too. I got cloſe to him, to ſee him, and finding ſome remainders of life in him, I follow'd the People who carried him into his Cabin, where I join'd with the reſt to bring him to himſelf; but as ſoon as he recover'd his Senſes, he appear'd*

*appear'd troubled at the ſight of me, therefore not to diſturb him I went away.*

*The fellow who had wounded him ſeeing me go by, call'd me, to tell me the Truth of the Adventure.* I know not, *ſaid he to me*, what Reaſons *Mondany* had to wiſh your Death, but I aſſure you, he ſent for me out of the Mountains to kill you. This Morning he ſhew'd me a place where he ſaid you walk very late every night, and we pitch'd upon a Tree from whence I was to ſhoot you, he made me take notice of your Perſon, and your Clothes, to prevent miſtakes, and came about an hour ago to tell me, it was time for me to repair to my Station. He help'd me to get up into the Tree, and then took the Gun to give it me, but did it in ſuch an unlucky manner, with the Mouth of it towards him, that it went off, and ſo he has kill'd himſelf. *While this Villain was talking thus to me,*

Mondany

Mondany *himſelf related how the thing happen'd, to thoſe who were about him, which put me out of doubt why the ſight of me diſturb'd him ſo. He died ſoon after, and his indiſcreet Siſter, conſcious to her ſelf of this deplorable accident, went away from the Glaſs-houſe, without any body's knowing what was become of her. Having no mind to have my ſelf taken notice of in this buſineſs, I very impatiently expected* Ruſat's *coming back, and at laſt he return'd. My firſt care, Madam, was for you, and if I ſhew'd any concern, it was to hear news of you, and how you had receiv'd my Letter. He told me, you tore it without reading it, that you declin'd all Diſcourſe of me, and my Affairs, and ſeem'd reſolv'd never to forgive my running away with* Criſante. *He added, that from what you ſaid to him in your Paſſion, and Anger, he gather'd you had won your Huſbands opinion only by diſcovering your extream hatred to me. What ſhall I*

*ſay*

*ſay to you, Madam? I aſſure you I was not diſpleas'd to hear you were angry with me, and I fear'd your indifference much more than your indignation.*

Ruſat *having given me an account of what related to me, told me my Affairs were in a very ill poſture, and that there was no likelyhood of my going back to my Father, who was grown very melancholy with the trouble I had put him to; that he had ſent me a Letter, and all things neceſſary for a long Journey. The difficulty now was whither we ſhould retire: I had Friends enough who would receive me, but at the ſame time, I had Reaſons not to try their kindneſs. My Wifes Humour was ſo uneaſie, that I durſt not adventure to trouble my Friends with her. She was continually quarrelling with* Fregonce *his Wife, and* Daughters. *In ſhort, I return'd the Obligations I had to them for their Patience as well as I could, and to deliver them of their unquiet Gueſt, reſolv'd to go to* Pompa-

Pompadour *in the* Cevennes. *After I had been there two Months, as I was going by the Door of a little Convent, I ſaw a great many People got together. Trouble of Mind, and Curioſity made me go in, where by the preparations, I found they were going to admit a Nun into the Habit. I crowded in among the reſt to ſee with what courage ſhe renounc'd the World; and was never ſo ſurpriz'd in my life as I was to ſee it was* Diana, *the ſame* Diana *I have been ſpeaking of. Though ſhe was ſufficiently imploy'd in the part ſhe was then acting, ſhe happen'd to caſt her Eyes upon me; and the ſight of me ſtruck her with ſuch a ſecret emotion, that ſhe Swooned away, and they were fain to put off the Ceremonie, not only then, but for good and all, for* Diana *fancy'd I came to* Pompadour *after her, and my preſence had reviv'd her Love, which was not quite extinguiſh'd in her Heart. I was no ſooner got back to my Lodging, but a Man ask'd for me,*

*me, and gave me a Note from* Diana, *in which she pray'd me to come and see her. I would not have gone, but that the Messenger told me, if I did not, she was resolv'd to visit me. I ask'd him, if she had any* Relations *at* Pompadour, *he told me she had an Aunt there. Well, I went to the Convent, where* Diana *entertain'd me as she us'd to do at the Glass-house. She told me besides, all that she and her Brother had contriv'd between them, and that it was my coldness to her, more than his Death, made her think of being a Nun.* For I no sooner saw you, *added she,* but I chang'd my Mind, in hopes that you have alter'd yours too to my advantage.

Diana *accompanied what she said with so many Tears, that I could scarce forbear pitying her; but the remembrance of her Artifices made me proof against it. Your Image too, Madam, assisted me, and upon these considerations, I told her it was in vain*

*vain for her to perſiſt in her kindneſs to me, for not being at my own diſpoſal, I could never be hers. She eaſily gueſs'd I was married, and diſſembled her Anger ſo well, that I really believ'd Reaſon had prevail'd with her. I left her, and for ſome time heard no more of her, but that ſhe had quitted the Convent, and liv'd with her Aunt. But you will be aſtoniſh'd to hear what extremities Deſpair brought her to. One Evening, as my Wife and I were at Cards with two or three of the Neighbours who came to viſit us, they brought me word, a Man deſir'd to ſpeak with me about earneſt Buſineſs. It was not ſo dark as to need a Torch, and yet it was not light enough for me to diſcern who it was ſpoke to me. It was it ſeems* Diana *in Mans Clothes; ſhe ſaid ſome rambling things to me, to gain time to do what ſhe came for: Her Speech was ſo confus'd, that I imagin'd ſhe was almoſt diſtracted, but ſhe quickly explain'd her ſelf pretty clearly,*

*clearly, for as I turn'd my Head about to bid my Man fetch a Candle, I felt my self ſtruck with a Dagger; ſhe aim'd ſo well as not to miſs her blow, but her Hand was ſo unſteady, that it glanc'd, and yet gave me a conſiderable wound. When this was done, ſhe ran the ſame Poniard into her own Breaſt. Upon my crying out, People came about us, and you may judge how ſurpriz'd they were at this Spectacle.* Diana *was fallen down, and talk'd like one that was quite diſtracted. My Circumſtances oblig'd me to take little notice of this accident, ſo that her Aunt and I agreed to let it paſs for an effect of madneſs. This miſerable Creature would not ſuffer them to dreſs her; but fell into a Fever, and died.*

*Accidents of this kind are ſo hard to be conceal'd, that I apprehended what had happened to me, would diſcover where I was, which made me leave* Pompadour *ſooner than I thought to do. I was not quite cur'd*

*of*

of my wound, my Wife was almoſt always indiſpos'd, and I led a very wearisom life, ſo that I reſolv'd to go back to my Father come what would. When I came thither, I found three months had wrought a great alteration in my Affairs. My Father received us very coldly, for what your Husband left you at his death, had ſo much leſſen'd, Madam, de Bleſinac's Fortune, that it put him quite out of humour, and I obſerv'd, he took no great pains to conceal the cauſe of it. For my part, Madam, nothing afflicted me, but your abſence, and the apprehenſion of your being diſpleas'd at my Marriage. Till now I never knew exactly what my Wife thought of you, but when ſhe ſaw how little I was concern'd at the loſs of her Eſtate, ſhe told me, I was better pleas'd to ſee it in your Hands, than in hers; and that ſhe was not ignorant how ſtrictly I had devoted my ſelf to your Service. I endeavoured all I could to undeceive her; but ſhe fell into a furious

*paſſion, and told me, ſhe had convincing proofs of my falſehood, though ſhe had taken no notice of them to me while we were abroad. In ſhort, Madam, ſhe ſhew'd me the Letter I wrote to you, and confeſs'd ſhe had forc'd* Ruſat *to give it her, and to ſay what he did to me when he came back.*

*You may believe* Ruſat's *treachery vexed me to the quick, and I reſented it as it deſerv'd. To excuſe himſelf, he told me, my Wife promiſed him ſhe would bring me to approve of his not delivering the Letter, and that ſhe would not mention it to me till ſhe found an opportunity of doing it, without diſpleaſing me. In fine, Madam, you cannot imagine how well ſhe diſſembled her knowledge of this Secret; but when once ſhe began to take notice of it, ſhe continually reproach'd me of my coldneſs in all that concern'd her, and how zealous I was for you. By degrees we grew more and more exaſperated, and uneaſie to*

one another. That which made the breach irreconcileable, was, that not being able to endure Ruſat any longer, I turn'd him away, notwithſtanding all my Wives importunity to pardon him. From that day forward we hardly ever agreed in any thing, and her Paſſion would often tranſport her to ſtrange extremities. I have already told you, her Health was not very well confirm'd, her continual Melancholy quite ruin'd it, and brought her into a violent Fever, which diſpatch'd her in a week.

She would by no means let me ſee her while ſhe was ſick, and I ſubmitted to her Reſolutions, and let her die in Peace. I bore this change of my Fortune with moderation, and behaved my ſelf as I ought, without betraying either too much ſorrow, or ſatisfaction. But, Madam, your Marrying the Count of Marignan quite overcame my Reaſon, as ſoon as I heard of it, I was ſeiz'd with a moſt ſenſible, and real grief, and wholly abandon'd my

*ſelf to deſpair. I fell ſick, and for two Months together was given over by every body. I know not, Madam, what it was kept me alive, I am ſure my life was a burden to me, and I uſed no remedies to preſerve it. As ſoon as I was able to leave my Bed, I was very impatient to be at* Paris, *without knowing wherefore I deſired it. It was not hope that drew me thither; though indeed I could not apprehend any further effects of your diſpleaſure, you had already executed your utmoſt cruelty, I only was ſatisfied I ſhould be where you were, and ſhould at leaſt, either by chance, or my own Induſtry ſometimes have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Your Husband's, and my Wives death, were great ſteps to the compoſing of my Affairs, and putting me into a condition of appearing in the World.*

*I left* Languedoc *to come to* Paris, *where I have ſeen no body but your pretty Kinſwoman, who after ſome Diſcourſe with her, had ſo much com-*

*paſſion*

*paſſion for me, to promiſe me to deceive you ſo far, as to get you hither, to afford me the only comfort I am capable of.*

Here *Bleſinac* ended his Relation, which had ſo much effect upon me, that I no longer doubted his Fidelity. But we were never the happier for that, I could do nothing to contribute to his repoſe without indangering my own; beſides, I was ſenſible ſuch interviews were indecent, and might be of ill conſequence. In ſhort, Madam, I had no mind to harbour an affection ſo dangerous to my Reputation. But, alas! who can reſiſt the tears of a Lover who deſerves to be beloved? *Bleſinac* appear'd to be touch'd ſo to the quick, that I could not refuſe ſeeing him ſometimes in my Kinſwomans Company, nor help diſcovering my Heart ſo far to him, as to let him find I lov'd him more than I ought. I repay'd his Sighs, and Tears, with the like; and we found our ſelves in a more deplo-

rable condition than before we met. It was very late before we parted, and my Kinſwoman would not let *Bleſinac* go back to *Paris* that night; yet not thinking it convenient for him to be ſeen in her Houſe, he ſtaid in the Cabinet, where ſhe ſent him ſomething to eat by a Woman ſhe could ſafely truſt, and by her gave his People notice they ſhould go wait for their Maſter at the next Village. After Supper we went back to him, and ſtaid with him moſt part of the night. I had quite forgot to tell him, I would have him be gone the next day, and went away without ſpeaking to him of it; and when I propos'd to my Couſin to ſend him word, he ſhould go very early in the morning, ſhe anſwered, it would be better for him to ſtay till night, to avoid being ſeen by any body; and I was eaſily contented to have ſo good a reaſon for his ſtay.

Thoſe who are born to be unhappy,

happy, are always ſo, and in every thing they go about. My Kinſwoman, and I went to ſee *Bleſinac* again in the morning. He was very deſirous to learn what had happen'd to me, and I conſented to ſatisfie him, and was advanced as far in my Relation as the confuſion, and trouble of Mind I was in, when I reſolv'd to marry the Count *de Marignan*. The remembrance of this made me whether I would or no ſhed ſome Tears, and I had not left off, when my Kinſwoman, who ſat by the Window, ſaw my Husband coming. He was already ſo near, it was impoſſible for us to get out before he came to the Door. However *Bleſinac* threw himſelf upon the Bed, and we went out to meet him, with all the concern upon us you may imagine. He obſerv'd it, and from thence, together with my Tears, which were not yet quite wip'd off, gather'd ſuch proofs, as gave him ſuſpition, which nevertheleſs he

conceal'd ſo well, as not to ſhew it before us. It was now Dinner time, and a Footman brought word it was upon the Table, ſo that the Count could not avoid going in along with us, and as we croſs'd the Garden, he told me very obligingly, he was weary of all places where I was not with him. He had left Hunting to come to me, and this token of his kindneſs, made me extreamly ſenſible of my ingratitude. There was hardly a Word ſaid all Dinner long; and my Kinſwoman, whom my Husband watched as well as me, had much ado to whiſper me, that it was not fit for us to ſtay there the reſt of the day, and would have me propoſe going back to *Paris*. But my Husband, who ſtill kept his Eyes upon the Cabinet in the Garden, had a mind to go thither, and would not leave the Houſe, till he had ſatisfied his Curioſity, which he gave us to underſtand, by ſaying he would have us

ſpend

ſpend ſome time there before we went away.

My Couſins Maid, who knew where it pinch'd, had the Wit, and Dexterity to relieve us. She took a great compaſs about the Garden, and then let *Bleſinac* out, by ſetting a Ladder up to one of the Windows, and conducted him to a Farmers Houſe, where he ſtaid to hear from us. For my part, I was ignorant of the good Office ſhe had done me, and was in a mortal fear what would become of me. As ſoon as my Husband had dined, he ſpoke of going to the Cabinet. My Kinſwoman, who had the Key, was once of the mind to have gone out of the way a little, that ſhe might have avoided giving him it; now it was equally dangerous to refuſe going thither too obſtinately, as it was to agree to it too briskly: therefore ſhe reſolv'd to ſpoil the Key ſo as it might not turn in the Lock. But this invention did not ſucceed, my

Husband ſtreightned it, open'd the Door, and went directly to the Bed, where he laid him down, that we might not think he had any ſuſpicion of us; but when he ſaw the Window that look'd to the backſide of the Garden open, he ſhook his Head in ſuch a manner, as I took notice of it, and I aſſure you, it put me into a terrible fright. Juſt as I began to recover my ſelf, he found *Bleſinac*'s Crape Hatband which was fallen down by the Bedſide. He look'd upon it a little while, and my Couſin pretended to call to mind who it belong'd to, and at laſt, as if ſhe had forgot, ſhe ſaid there came ſo many People thither in her abſence, that it was impoſſible for her to gueſs.

This excuſe, though well enough fram'd, inſtead of clearing, increas'd the Counts ſuſpicions, and made him reſolve to watch me ſo cloſe, that he might either juſtifie me, or undeniably convince me. We re-

turn'd

turn'd that night to *Paris*, and I learnt ſince, that *Bleſinac* ſent for his Horſes to go back thither too; and I heard from him there ſometimes by my Couſin who came often to viſit me, which Correſpendence my Husband never hinder'd, though he ſuſpected her: She had ſo much power over me, that we made a ſecond appointment to meet at one *Agar's*, a Painters Houſe in *Richelieu-ſtreet*. My Husband had me dogg'd, and as ſoon as he knew where we were, got privately into a neighbouring Houſe, where he planted himſelf to watch us. When we had been at *Agar's* two hours, *Bleſinac* went away firſt. He was in Mourning, and my Husband remembring the Crape he found at my Kinſwomans, doubted not but it was he who left it there. He endeavoured to take particular notice of his Face, but he could not diſtinguith his Features ſo well, as to know him again. He had been told

told of *Bleſinac* before, and his affection to me; he knew alſo that he had buried his Wife, and this was it that put him out of all doubt. Well, he let us alone at the Painters, and went away from his Poſt, before we came out. When I came home, I found my Mother there, who ſtaid to acquaint me that my Husband had been with her to complain of me. I excus'd my ſelf to her without much difficulty, and convinc'd her I was guilty of no ſuch horrid Crime in permitting poor *Bleſinac* to ſee me. It's true, ſaid ſhe, but Husbands Eyes are more open to what condemns, than that which juſtifies, and I adviſe you to break off all Correſpondence with a Man whom the Count is Jealous of. I promis'd her I would, and ſhe ſtay'd with me to uſe her indeavours to bring my Husband out of his ill Humour; but do what ſhe could, nothing would ſerve turn, but I muſt leave the Town the very

ry

ry next day, and go with him to *Eſtaiac*, which was a Seat he had at the foot of the *Pyrenæan-Hills*. Nay, he was ſo cautious as to put away all my Maids and Footmen, and to take others. He got every thing ready for our Journey with ſuch diſpatch, that we left *Paris* exactly at the time he deſign'd, and took the Rode to *Bourdeaux*, without mention all the way either of his Diſpleaſure, or any thing elſe; for we travell'd two hundred Leagues without ſpeaking one Word. You may gueſs, however, I thought of *Bleſinac* often, and could not help reflecting upon my unfortunate Life.

I expreſs'd no diſſatisfaction at my leaving *Paris*; nay, I was ſo indifferent at my departure, that my Husband ought at leaſt to have believ'd I ſacrific'd all to my Duty. When we came to *Eſtaiac*, he ſent me word I might chuſe what Apartment I pleas'd in the Houſe, and

that

that he expected I ſhould never ſtir out of it. I obey'd, and went into my Priſon, which I accuſtom'd my ſelf to without any great difficulty. My Husband, who was of a different Temper, paſs'd his time very miſerably in this Place, which is moſt dreadfully ſituated; his only Pleaſure was in my Confinement; and what he believ'd had paſs'd between me and *Bleſinac*, ran ſo in his Head, that when ever he look'd up by chance to my Window, and ſaw me there, he would turn away, as if he were frighted. After ſome time, he took a fancy to trim up an Apartment in the Houſe; I believe he had a mind to learn to draw himſelf, at leaſt I underſtood by one of the Women that waited on me, that he had ſent to *Paris* for a Painter, and would have a good one, whatever it coſt him. All this while I never went out of my Chamber but upon Holidays; and I proteſt, the trouble I obſerv'd in his Looks when he

he went by my Window, made me pity him ſo, that I reſolv'd to reaſon the Caſe with him. In order to this, I begg'd I might diſcourſe with him, which with a great deal of difficulty he conſented to. Conſidering the Circumſtances I was in, I ſpoke to him, I think, as I ought; I am ſure, it was very ſubmiſſively. He heard me without interruption; and then looking upon me with Eyes that ſpoke Indignation and Contempt, *You puſh your Confidence*, ſaid he, *too far, to expoſe your ſelf thus to the Reproaches which I can eaſily overwhelm you with. Is it poſſible*, ſaid he, *you can think I am ignorant of your Falſhood? And though I reſent it as becomes a Man of Honour, you may be ſure I am the more provok'd, becauſe you have abus'd me when I truſted you moſt.* I would have juſtified my ſelf by a ſincere Confeſſion of all that had paſs'd between *Bleſinac* and me, from the firſt day of our Acquaintance, till

till my coming from *Paris*: But all I could ſay, in ſtead of inducing him to pardon me, ſerv'd but to improve his Hatred. It came into his Head, that I married him only to be reveng'd of *Bleſinac*; and this Fancy enrag'd him ſo, that I trembled to think what would become of me. He told me, he could ſooner excuſe my Intrigues ſince Marriage, than my marrying him when my Heart was preingag'd.

From that time forward he refus'd to let me ſpeak with him any more; all I could learn, was, that he was exceeding melancholy. He lived above a Month at this rate; and I was the more uneaſie, becauſe whatever Account I had of him, made me apprehend he would attempt my Life. But at laſt two Painters came from *Paris*, and help'd to divert him in his Diſcontent. One of them was excellent in his Art, and the other had a great many Qualities that were very entertaining;

ing; for he not only painted, but he had Wit, was a Poet, a Muſician, a good Mimick, and always very chearful. My Husband indeed was ſurpris'd to find a Man of his Rank ſo accompliſh'd; and the more, when he perceiv'd by his ſolid Knowledge that the Endowments of his Soul exceeded the little Flaſhes of ſuperficial Wit. All this, joyn'd with an agreeable Out-ſide, had ſuch an effect upon my Husband, that in a ſhort time he recover'd the natural Gaiety of his Humour. In a word, *Dormont* (ſo was this Painter call'd) furniſh'd him every day with ſome new Diverſion. Sometimes he repeated a piece of a Play to him, and kept up the Characters ſo well, that *Floridor* or *Poiſſon* themſelves never acted a paſſionate Part, or a Farce better. Sometimes he would imitate the *Italians*, and ſing to his *Theorbo* or *Guitar*, and danc'd with incomparable grace and activity.

*Two Famous French Actors.*

I had a Maid who was not ſhut up with me, but had the liberty to come in and out of my Apartment. This Wench, whoſe Name was *Roſe*, ſpoke often to me of the Painter; and by her Diſcourſe, I had reaſon to believe ſhe had a Kindneſs for him. *Ah Madam*, ſaid ſhe to me one day, *if you knew how much Wit, and what bewitching Qualities* Dormont *has, you would not wonder my Maſter is ſo fond of him. I proteſt I never ſaw a man ſo capable to inſpire Love; but I queſtion whether he be ſuſceptible of it; for generally People who have ſuch Perfections, wiſh ſo well to themſelves, that they care little for any body elſe. Not that he is ſo cold to me*, added ſhe; *for he is very complaiſant to me: but I perceive it is more out of Civility, than any inclination he has to me. Well* Roſe, ſaid I, *is it not poſſible for me to have a ſight of this Painter? He is ready to die, Madam*, replied ſhe, *with impatience to give you a Viſit. He has*

*ask'd*

*ask'd me a thouſand Queſtions how you live, and what you do a days to ſupport your melancholy Condition. Were it not that I fear'd to diſpleaſe you, I would have brought him to you before now.* I told *Roſe*, I would not be angry if ſhe did; and ſhe went to him immediately, to tell him he had my leave to wait upon me.

Next morning he came along with her into my Chamber: but judge, Madam, how ſurpris'd I was to find *Dormont* was the Count of *Bleſinac*. It was well for me, that *Roſe* was taken up with her own Thoughts, for it kept her from obſerving the diſturbance I was in. I never dream'd of the Pleaſure of ſeeing him, and only conſider'd the ill Conſequences of our Meeting, and the Danger he expos'd himſelf to. As ſoon as I recover'd my ſelf out of the firſt Surpriſe which the ſight of him caſt me into, I told him, I was oblig'd to him for the pains he took to divert my Huſband

band in his Solitude. He anſwer'd me with abundance of reſpect, but durſt not ſpeak to me in private. Hearing me ask for a Basket which I kept my Work in, he ran to fetch it me, and dexterouſly put a Letter into it; and then, after a little more Diſcourſe, I made him a Sign to be gone. When *Roſe* and he were out of the Room, I ſhut the Door, and open'd his Letter, in which he acquainted me, how much my Huſband's carrying me out of Town in that manner, had troubled him; that he reſolv'd to come and ſhare my Misfortunes with me, and to do all that lay in his power to put an end to them; that he had prevail'd with the Painter, who knew nothing of his Quality, to let him come along with him to *Eſtaiac*, under pretenſe of improving his Hand under him. He told me beſides, how far he had gain'd upon my Husband, and what he had ſuffer'd in not ſeeing me a whole Month that he had been there;

there; that however he choſe to deprive himſelf of that Satisfaction, rather than expoſe me to any Inconvenience, by attempting any thing raſhly; and then concluded with tender Proteſtations of eternal and inviolable Love.

I had Paper by me which I us'd to wrap up my Work in, but had neither Pen, nor Ink, and knew not which way to anſwer him; however Love was ſo ingenious as to make me think of a Compoſition to write with, which makes no viſible marks upon the Paper, and is not to be read till you hold it to the Fire. I made uſe of this to let *Dormont* know he muſt needs go from *Eſtaiac*. The difficulty now was to inſtruct him how to read what I had writ: to effect which, I told *Roſe* I had a mind to learn to draw, and bid her bring *Dormont* to me privately as ſhe did at firſt to give me my firſt Leſſon. She did as I bid her, but ſhe was ſo in love with him,

him, that ſhe would not truſt him out of her ſight, and ſtood ſo near us all the while, that with much ado I could hardly tell him how he muſt do to read what I ſent him. Theſe meetings were ſo dangerous, that I intended to forbid them; indeed I gave him leave to write to me the ſame way as I uſed, and *Roſe* brought me his Letters, thinking them nothing but Papers with Flowers drawn upon them. I wrote my Anſwers at the bottom, and pretended to ſend him back his Flowers. This Correſpondence ſatisfy'd him at firſt, but Love which is always contriving of new projects, made him think of a ſure way to deliver me out of my Priſon. He induſtriouſly ſought all opportunities of ſpeaking of me to my Huſband, and at laſt met with one. There was an admirable Echo in the Garden, where my Husband often made *Dormont* ſing.

I remember one day as I was at my

my Chamber Window, where I could hear him, my Husband ſeeing me there, told *Dormont*, *that I liſtened to him, and if he had a mind to pleaſe me, he muſt ſing ſomething that was melancholy, and moving, to expreſs the rigour of a tedious ſeparation. If you have nothing ſad enough already*, added he, *give us ſomething of your own making extempore. Dormont*, after a little Meditation, ſung theſe Words,

*I come, dear Nymph, of Abſence to complain,*
*Without leaſt Hope, my ſorrows to remove.*
*Pleas'd with the utmoſt rigour of my pain,*
*I think of nothing now, but Death, and Love.*

*But, Sir*, ſaid *Dormont* to my Husband when he had done ſinging, *if theſe words pleaſe you, may I preſume to ask, why your Lady is ſo ſolitary?*

*tary? for I think I have heard* Roſe *ſay, ſhe is ſo handſom, you need not be aſham'd to let her be ſeen. Do not you know,* reply'd he, *that Beauty is very rare, and the leſs it is look'd on the more it is reſpected. I believe, Sir,* reply'd *Dormont, it is prudently done of the Kings of* Ormus, *not to ſhew themſelves to their People above once in a year; but I never heard it practis'd between a Man and his Wife any where but at* Eſtaiac. *I perceive,* ſaid the Count, *you would be glad to ſee her, and you ſhall, upon condition you do not abuſe the permiſſion I give you, by concerning your ſelf in the complaints which it's likely ſhe may make of me to you. Dormont* fearing if he gave him time to reflect upon the liberty he afforded him, he might change his mind, beſought him not to defer the favour he promis'd him to another day. My Husband immediately call'd *Roſe* to him, and commanded her to ſhew *Dormont* the way into my Appartment.

nent. This was ſome ſatisfaction o me, but I never yet taſted any erfect Joy, and this leſs than any ther, becauſe I durſt not flatter my elf it would continue long. *Dormont* told me what he had done to obtain leave to viſit me, and order'd his Diſcourſes ſo dextrouſly, that it ſeem'd neceſſary for him to ſpeak ſoftly to me. You may be ſure, he made uſe of this priviledge only to tell me the moſt moving things that Love can inſpire. I permitted him to give my Husband what account he thought fit of our Converſation, and was not willing he ſhould ſtay long with me.

As ſoon as ever he came out of my Chamber, the Count *de Marigny* ask'd him his Opinion of my Perſon, and Humour. *She is undoubtedly a very fine Woman*, anſwer'd *Dormont*, *but without ſearching into the accidental cauſes of her grief, I take her to be naturally of a melancholy diſpoſition; and ſhould ſhe have*

*a fancy to ſing, I believe ſhe would employ her Voice in very ſorrowful Ditties. But in ſhort,* reply'd my Husband, *what ſaid ſhe to you? She diſcours'd to me,* ſaid *Dormont, of the Beauty of this Solitude, and how deſirous ſhe was I might draw her a Landſcape, in which there might be nothing but Rocks, and Torrents, Wild Beaſts, Trees with their Leaves off, and obſcure Caverns. Except it were a Tomb, which perhaps ſhe did not think of, ſhe omitted nothing that might argue her thoughts to be exceeding melancholy, and fill'd my Head with ſuch ſad Notions, that I fear I ſhall hardly get rid of them. No,* ſaid my Husband with a bitter ſmile, *her Melancholy does not proceed from her Conſtitution;* and I believe would have enter'd upon the particular Circumſtances of my Affairs, if word had not been brought him, that the *Chevalier de Monſerolle,* a Neighbour of his, was come to viſit him. This was the

only

only Gentleman of the Country with whom he had made a Friendſhip. They diſcours'd privately about half an hour, and then the *Chevalier* went away, and left the Count in a kind of a ſerious muſing.

As ſoon as he was gone, my Husband call'd *Dormont* to him again, who had left the Room out of reſpect. *If my Wife*, ſaid he to him, *has infected you with her Melancholy, we ſhall have a pretty Lady here to night, who, it may be, may reſtore your good humour? It is* Madamoiſelle d'Ecugy, *who is run away with the* Chevalier de Monſerolle. *I cannot in decency keep her from ſeeing my Wife, and therefore ſhall be forc'd to put an end to her ſolitude; but I would have her owe the Obligation wholly to you. Ah, Sir*, anſwered *Dormont*, *rob her not of the ſatisfaction of owing it to your ſelf, and have a care you do not ſpoil me, by making me more preſumptuous than I ought to be. Well*, ſaid my Huſ-

band, *I will have it ſo, therefore go to her immediately, and tell her, ſhe may come down Stairs, and make that Figure in my Family, which ſhe had always done, if ſhe had behav'd her ſelf better.* *Dormont* came into my Chamber, with a very chearful Countenance, and gave me an account of what had paſs'd in the two hours he had been from me. Any one but I would have been pleas'd with ſuch news; but I was us'd to rejoyce at nothing, and at this time fear ſurmounted my kindneſs for *Bleſinac*; not but there were ſome moments in which I lik'd my condition well enough. I loved, and was beloved. The nicity of our intrigue made our Converſation more endearing, and had I been inclin'd to pleaſure, I might have been ſatisfied with ſo unexpected a change; but I had not yet run through all the Calamities that were to compleat my Deſtiny; and if ſometimes I felt any diſpoſition

to

to be chearfu', an invincible ſecret foreboding, ſtill threw me back into my former ſorrow.

The firſt thing I did after I was at liberty, was to go into my Huſband's Cloſet to receive his Orders: I found him better dreſs'd than he us'd to be, and Civiller to me than I expected. He advis'd me very calmly to find out ſuch amuſements as might quite baniſh *Bleſtnac* out of my thoughts, and then told me he could not refuſe to protect the *Chevalier de Monſerolle*, who had taken away the Baron *d'Ecuy*'s Daughter againſt his Will, and deſired me to make them welcom. I had not time to anſwer him, for there came a great many Gentlemen into the Court, with a young Woman, whoſe behaviour I thought a little extravagant. I went to the Gate to receive her, and did it with all the Civility I could, which certainly ſhe ought to have return'd with the like; but ſhe hardly

vouchſafed to look on me. My Husband's Addreſſes met with better entertainment, and I had enough to do to Compliment thoſe who came along with Madam *d'Ecugy*. I confeſs alſo, I applied my ſelf to obſerve the Lover, and his Miſtreſs, my Husband, and a Gentleman call'd *Arbanante*. My Mind was never ſo diverted by any Object of Pleaſure, but that I was always at leiſure, and diſpos'd to diſcern the Humour and true Bias of their inclinations, who were not extreamly reſerv'd, and upon their Guard in all their Actions. I quickly diſcover'd that the *Chevalier de Monſerolle* really lov'd his Miſtreſs; that ſhe had not the ſame kindneſs for him, and had conſented to go away with him, only out of an ambition ſhe had of ſignalizing her ſelf by a piece of remarkable folly. Actions of this nature ſeldom happen without violating the Rules of Decency, which ſhe ſeem'd wholly

to have forgotten. I perceiv'd ſo much immodeſty in her Mirth, that I often wonder'd how the *Chevalier* durſt venture to marry a Woman who had ſo little command of her ſelf. For my part, I always thought a Woman obliged to warrant her Vertue by her Behaviour; But all ſhe did, was contrary to this Maxim. Her great delight was in fancying People in love with her, but more, to have them who were ſo, or at leaſt feign'd to be ſo, declare it. Being of this temper, it was no wonder ſhe was proud of the reſpect my Husband ſhew'd her, and forgot ſhe had run away with *Monſerolle*.

I aſſure you, ſhe remembred it ſo little, that for ſome days ſhe would ſcarce give him leave to ſpeak to her: and my Husband put no manner of conſtraint upon himſelf; for knowing the reaſon I had to fear him, was ſufficient to hinder me from thwarting his Inclinations, he

made no ſcruple of courting his Friend's Miſtreſs, though it were againſt the Laws of Hoſpitality. In the mean time, there was a neceſſity of the *Chevalier's* fixing his Reſolutions. Madam *d' Ecugy* was in no haſte to be married; my Huſband dreaded ſhe ſhould; *Dormont* was glad he was taken up with a Paſſion that kept him from diving into our Intrigue; and *Arbanante* had no mind to leave *Eſtaiac*, which he could not avoid if the Match were once concluded. Every ones Intereſt lying the ſame way, it was no hard matter to reconcile the Parties. My Husband would needs have *Dormont* one of their Privy-Council; they reſolv'd *Monſerolle* ſhould go to *Paris*, to obtain the *Mareſchal de Gramont's* Protection, to whom he was particularly known.

*Monſerolle's* abſence made no alteration at *Eſtaiac*; on the contrary, new Diverſions were invented every

every day: But yet though my Husband had ſome reaſon to expect Madam *d' Ecugy* ſhould return his Kindneſs, he was ſo unhappy as to find ſhe diſlik'd him, and that it was a Conſtraint to her to endure his Addreſſes. Now, Madam, I am come to that part of my Story which recals very afflicting Circumſtances to my remembrance, and you ſhall ſee the utmoſt Period of my Misfortunes. Madam *d' Ecugy* was in love with *Dormont*, and was ſo indiſcreet as to let it be taken notice of. My Husband was the firſt that diſcover'd it; but obſerving *Dormont* did not at all anſwer her Affection, he ſtill continu'd his Kindneſs to him, and told him ſometimes in confidence, That he recommended the Concerns of his Heart to him; but *Dormont* minded neither the Miſtreſſes kind Looks, nor the Lover's Apprehenſions. One Evening having a Mind to play at Blindmand's-Buff, ſhe would needs

have *Dormont* blinded; as he ran about to catch one of us, he felt a Note thruſt into his Hand. Being in complaiſance to make one at this Sport, he thought at firſt I had given it him, or that it might come from *Roſe*, who ſtill loved him; but could not ſo much as imagine Madam *d' Ecugy* reſerv'd enough to take ſuch a Courſe to explain her ſelf. He was ſo impatient to know the meaning of it, that as ſoon as he had caught one, who by the Rules of the Play was to be bound in his turn, he went out of the Room to read the Billet, which was in theſe Terms.

*WEre you a Man of Quality, I ſhould take it ill that you have not already made me a Return ſuitable to the Honour I do you, in preferring you not only before the Maſter of the Houſe, but another alſo whom I once thought well enough of to let him marry me. But I ſee I muſt be*

*be forc'd to break the Ice my ſelf, and let you know, I paſs over whatever makes a diſtance between us, and wholly follow the Inclination of my Heart, which attracts me to you. Make the beſt uſe you can of an Advertiſement which is too advantagious for you to ſlight; and remember, what I offer you is upon condition, that you always treat me with that Reſpect which is due to me.*

*Dormont* was really troubled at this Letter, for he had no mind to Rival my Husband in every thing, nor would he give me any cauſe to ſuſpect him; and beſides, was afraid of *Ecugy*'s Indiſcretion: So that here was enough at once to diſturb his Mind. It nearly concern'd him to prevent my Maids diſcovery of our good Intelligence. In ſhort, he concluded he was to fear nothing ſo much as to diſquiet me, and therefore ſacrific'd his Diſcretion to his Fidelity, and found an Opportunity

to

to tell me what had hapen'd to him. I preſently ſaw the dangerous Conſequences of it, and beheld with infinite affliction all the Calamities this Womans Paſſion would bring upon me. She was as impatient all the next day as People in her Condition uſually are: I know not how it came to paſs, that I chanc'd to be alone with her; for we both avoided one anothers Company as much as we could. I perceiv'd ſhe was ſo uneaſie, that I thought my ſelf bound to take notice of it, and ask what was the reaſon of it. *My Circumſtances are ſuch*, ſaid ſhe, very briskly, *that I cannot enjoy much Peace. Till to day*, anſwer'd I, *your Affairs have not ſeem'd to diſturb you, and I know not any thing that has happen'd to alarm you. Perhaps*, added I, *the* Chevalier de Monſerolle *is longer from you than he promis'd. Not at all*, ſaid ſhe; *I neither rejoice nor grieve at his abſence. Ah Madam*, replied I, *as to that matter, give me leave to think*

*you*

*you do not ſpeak ſincerely. There is no likelihood you would have let* Monſerolle *have carried you away from your Father, unleſs Love had animated you. Why*, anſwer'd ſhe, *you have been as bold, without having ſo Honourable a Pretence as I had: But I perceive well enough*, continued ſhe, *what you drive at, and what vexes you to the Heart: You fancy at leaſt that your Husband is in love with me; and truly if I thought it plagu'd you, I would make it my Buſineſs to improve it: But it is your Husband, Madam, it is not your beloved* Bleſinac, *and ſo you need not fear. Madam*, replied I, pretty ſmartly, *I muſt have a greater value for you firſt, than I have yet, before I can ſuſpect any man has ſo little Judgment, as to find any thing in you that can make me jealous of your Merit.*

Juſt as I ſaid this, my Husband came into the Room; ſhe gave him her Hand, and went along with him to ſee an Apartment which he had order'd

order'd to be painted: At leaſt this was her Pretence; for ſhe went only to find *Dormont*, and as ſoon as ſhe came where he was, ſhe pretended ſhe had a mind to learn to draw, and deſir'd him to give her ſome Copies. My Husband, who did not like this Requeſt of hers, told her, *Dormont* had not Skill enough to be her Maſter; but ſhe was ſo angry with him for ſaying ſo, that he was fain to comply with her.

I think I have already told you, that the *Chevalier de Monſerolle* left one *Arbanante* behind him at *Eſtaiac*, to watch Madam *d' Ecugy*, to whom he was Kin. But beſides the ſcore of Relation, he had particular Reaſons to ingage him to obſerve *Dormont*'s Actions. He found he knew more of the World than common Painters uſe to do. In ſhort, *Dormont* had an Air ſo noble and free, which he could neither diveſt himſelf of, nor well conceal under his Diſguiſe, that *Arbanante* gueſs'd him

to

to be any thing, rather than what he had a mind to paſs for. Being confirm'd in this Opinion, he reſolved to leave no Stone unturn'd to diſcover who he was. He perceiv'd that *Roſe* had a great kindneſs for *Dormont*, which he return'd rather with a forc'd, than an hearty compliance. He got by degrees to be intimate with this Wench, and building upon the Weakneſs which ſuch ſort of People uſually betray, when you promiſe to tell them their Fortune, he propos'd to her the Caſting of her Nativity. He knew ſome of the Aſtrological Cant, and talk'd boldly of the *Lord's Houſe*, the *Angle of Fortune*, of *Trines*, *Sextiles*, *Aſpects*, and ſuch Stuff; which fail'd not to draw *Roſe* into the Snare he ſpread for her.

He told her therefore ſhe was in Love with a Man whom he deſcrib'd very near ſuch a one as *Dormont*, and aſſur'd her ſhe would have been lov'd by him, if an Aſcendant

dant ſuperiour to hers had not forc'd him to devote himſelf to another. Then he ask'd her, if ſhe had known *Dormont* long, and how he came to *Eſtaiac* ? and abundance of other Queſtions, which ſhe anſwered with ſo much ſimplicity, that comparing what ſhe told him, with what he already knew of *Bleſinac*, and me, he no longer doubted but *Bleſinac* and *Dormont* were all one; but the Concluſions he drew from this Information were not enough to ſerve his turn, unleſs he made that advantage of it which he propos'd to himſelf. It is time therefore, Madam, that I tell you, *Arbanante* was in love with me; and had I not been preingag'd by my real affection for another, I might eaſily have diſcover'd it, notwithſtanding all the reſpect he us'd to conceal it.

Few People were ſo crafty as thoſe of the Countrey where I then dwelt; therefore you muſt

not

not imagine *Arbanante* would let me ſee the bottom of his Heart: quite contrary, he would often very neatly and ſubtlely railly the vanity *Dormont* might be guilty of, upon the account of Madam *d' Ecugy*'s extraordinary eſteem of him; but all this while he contriv'd a ſecret method, which he knew would infallibly accompliſh his Ends. His Deſign was to keep *Dormont* from me, to effect which, he perſwaded Madam *d' Ecugy* it would be a pretty Amuſement for her to learn to Draw, and that it might not interfere with her other Diverſions, ſhe would do well to take his Inſtructions ſome time every Night, and Morning. There was no great need of preſſing this Advice upon her, which agreed ſo well with her Inclinations, and ſhe made uſe of all the Power ſhe had with my Husband to get him to command *Dormont* to be induſtrious in teaching her what ſhe pretended ſuch

ſuch an earneſt deſire to learn.

*Arbanante* ſtaid ſometimes in Madam *d' Ecugy*'s Chamber while ſhe was learning, and ſometimes would go out of the Room to leave *Dormont* the freedom of declaring his Mind, in caſe he were ſenſible of his Scholars kindneſs. One day when *Arbanante* was gone into the next Room, ſhe lay'd down her *Crayon*, and looking upon *Dormont* with Eyes that ſpoke both Anger, and Love: *You are very vain*, ſaid ſhe to him, *or very ſtupid, not to anſwer the Billet I gave you ſome days ago. I did not underſtand, Madam*, ſaid *Dormont*, *that it was you who did me that Honour, and if I had, I ſhould not have been the more preſumptuous upon it. I took care enough*, reply'd ſhe, *to remove all your Scruples; but now at laſt, that you know the Billet was mine, ſince I own it to be ſo, what have you to anſwer me?* *Dormont* was now ſtrangely put to it, for it was a ſhame

ſhame after all this for him to be inſenſible; Madam *d' Ecugy* was a very handſom Woman, and there was too much danger in confeſſing a former ingagement. Therefore he pretended he did not believe what ſhe ſaid, nor took any notice of the diſorder that appear'd in her face. *I ſhould never forgive my ſelf, Madam,* ſaid he to her, *if I ſhould be ſo impudent as to take what you are pleas'd to ſpeak to me in raillery, ſeriouſly. No, I receive it as I ought to do, and whatever you may ſay to me, I know what becomes me; contain your ſelf therefore, Madam, within ſuch limits as are ſuitable to your Quality, ſince I cannot tranſgreſs mine, unleſs I grow diſtracted, or declare my ſelf extreamly faulty.*

*Dormont* utter'd theſe words with ſuch manifeſt indifference, that from that very minute Madam *d'Ecugy* reſolv'd to ruine him; but to prevent his ſuſpicion of her, ſhe told him,

him, She had never really design'd any thing else, but to divert her self with making sport with him. As soon as she had done drawing, *Dormont* went away, and she sent for *Arbanante*; when he came, she made as many Grimaces as bashful Maids are wont when they tell you what their Sweet-hearts said to them, and beholding him with some disorder in her looks: *The confidence*, said she, *which the* Chevalier de Monserolle, *and I have repos'd in you, will not suffer me to conceal from you an injury which I just now receiv'd from the Painter, whom you perswaded me to learn of. Because I shewed him a little Countenance, the fellow has had the impudence to tell me, he is in love with. If the Count* de Marignan *will not do me Justice in this Affair, I will not stay a moment longer in his House.* *Arbanante* was ravish'd with joy to meet with so fair an opportunity to be rid of a Man whom he looked upon as his Rival.

Rival. He ſympathiz'd with Madam *d' Ecugy* in her affliction, and commended her for maintaing her Honour ſo generouſly. *However*, added he, *you muſt behave your ſelf diſcreetly in theſe Circumſtances; I foreſee it will be difficult to make the Count* de Marignan *believe, that a Man he has truſted ſo far, ſhould forget himſelf to that degree as to be his Competitor, when he knows how paſſionately he loves you. That is the way*, ſaid ſhe, *I intend to prevail with the Count to revenge me on* Dormont; *he is as much concern'd in the affront that has been offer'd me, as I am.*

*Arbanante* found by his Kinſwomans behaviour, that ſhe was not ſo very rigidly vertuous as to take a Declaration of Love ſo heinouſly; beſides he had obſerved upon very good grounds, that ſhe had no ſuch terrible averſion for *Dormont*, ſo that comparing all theſe Circumſtances with his own Fancy, that

*Dormont*

*Dormont* was *Bleſinac*, and that I incourag'd his diſguiſe which could not be carried on without my knowledge; he thought it neceſſary to ingage Madam *d' Ecugy* to open her Mind to him without any reſerve. He had ſo much Wit, and ſhe was ſo indiſcreet, that he eaſily manag'd her, and brought her to confeſs the Truth. He chid her for being ſo weak, and repreſented to her all the follys her inconſtancy had made her guilty of; but at laſt when her bluſhes, and tears were over, he pretended, that if he did aſſiſt her in her revenge, it was only to keep her from ruining her ſelf. *You muſt get the Billet*, ſaid he, *out of* Dormont's *Hands which you wrote to him. That cannot prejudice me*, ſaid ſhe, *for I have alter'd my Hand ſo, that no body can know it to be my writing. Well then*, ſaid *Arbanante, we have nothing to do now, but to contrive ſome trap for him which he may not miſtruſt.*

He

*He underſtands Muſick perfectly; I will make the Words of a Song, and give him them, and I ſhall eaſily get him to write them out, to ſet them to a Tune.*

Madam *d' Ecugy* was glad of an opportunity to puniſh *Dormont* for ſlighting her; and her Reſentment made her relliſh any thing that was inſtrumental to her Revenge. *Let me alone*, ſaid *Arbanante, for the Contrivance, and be ſure you do nothing without my direction.* She gave him free leave, bidding him think of the Verſes he was to make, and was extremely ſatisfied with the Deſign. Whilſt *Arbanante* and ſhe took ſuch dangerous Meaſures to ruine *Dormont*, my Husband ſent for him to give him an account of Madam *d' Ecugy*'s Progreſs in Drawing, not thinking ſhe had been alone with him; and was only deſirous to know whether he found her really diſpos'd to learn. *Dormont* was ſo well convinc'd ſhe had no ſuch Intention,

tention, that he begg'd him to put her off from it, and provide ſome other Diverſion for her, in which ſhe might imploy her time to more purpoſe. My Husband's Condition, as things ſtood then, was very deplorable; Madam *d' Ecugy*'s uſage of him tormented him to the Heart; though he loved her infinitely, he could neither value her much, nor ſlight her. She was indeed very beautiful; but her Mind and Heart were ſo deform'd, that ſometimes he could hardly determine whether ſhe deſerv'd his Hatred moſt, or his Affection. In this Irreſolution, which rendred his Life uneaſie, he made theſe Verſes.

*Come juſt Diſdain, come quickly to my aid;*
*Honour and Reaſon both muſt be obey'd;*
*That I may puniſh an unfaithful Heart,*
*And put a period to my tedious Smart.*

*Yet*

*Yet thus provok'd, I dare not truſt my Rage*
*To execute my Vengeance; for I fear*
*Her Charms in ſuch ſtrong Chains my Soul ingage,*
*Love will return, and Anger diſappear.*

*Dormont* quickly ſet theſe Words to a Tune that ſuited them admirably; and my Husband, who ſung skilfully, learnt it that very Night, though it was very late; and *Dormont* unwilling to let ſlip any opportunity of ſeeing me, came immediately into my Chamber, intending to ſhew me the Song, and in few Words told me what had hapned that Night.

Here the Counteſs of *Marignan*'s Relation was interrupted with Sighs and Tears, which ſhe could by no means reſtrain; but at laſt, beginning again, Ah Madam, ſaid ſhe, how ingenious was my Fancy then

in repreſenting to me all the Calamities that were then falling upon me? and how did it improve them when I was aſleep, by the moſt horrid Dreams that were ever known? I was ſo diſquieted with the cruel Thoughts that diſorder'd my Mind, that not able to ſupport them any longer, I wak'd the Servants who waited on me, and made them come to me. *Roſe*, who lay in my Chamber, obſerv'd, that ever ſince *Dormont*'s coming I ſigh'd lamentably, and the little Sleep I had was very broken and diſturb'd. She reflected upon this according to her Capacity, and long'd to meet with *Arbanante* to tell him her Thoughts. But whilſt I had ſuch ſtrong Preſages of my Miſeries, *Arbanante* was contriving to execute the blackeſt piece of Villany that ever Man was guilty of. He ſought out *Dormont*, and found him time enough to get him to make a Tune for ſome Words which he had written for Madam

*d' Ecugy*,

*d' Ecugy*, to whom he pretended he would preſent them as ſoon as ſhe was awake. *Dormont*, little dreaming of what would follow, wrote down the Words, and ſet them for him. *Arbanante*, deſirous to have them written in his Hand, ſaid he could not ſing the Tune without the Notes, and ſo got the Paper from him; and thanking him for what he had done, went away mightily pleas'd with his Succeſs. Joy is ſo ungovernable a Paſſion, that he had not the patience to forbear going immediately into Madam *d' Ecugy*'s Chamber, and giving her the Song as it was written down, and ſet in *Dormont*'s Hand. She read it very eagerly, and found it as follows.

*Let's ſhew, dear* Iris, *every where,*
*Your Paſſion, and my zealous Love;*
*Let them in our Eyes appear,*
*As bright, as in our Souls they move.*

*Then in the height of our Deſire*
*May we ſing ſucceſſively,*
Iris, *I burn with am'rous Fire;*
Tircis, *for love of you I die.*

*Arbanante* carefully inſtructed her how to carry on her revengeful Deſign, and then left her very impatient to dreſs her ſelf, and meet with the Count of *Marignan*, to complain of *Dormont* to him. My Husband was no leſs deſirous to ſee her, that he might entertain her with the Song which agreed ſo well with his Circumſtances. As ſoon as he knew ſhe was ready, he went ſinging into her Chamber. *This is indeed a new Tune,* ſaid Madam *d' Ecugy* to him; *but though you are beforehand with me in getting of it, perhaps I have another that's newer than yours; for it came out but this Morning. You will know who made it by the Hand; but you will wonder to hear, the Author had the confidence to tell me, he made it to me; and I take*

*take it for ſuch an Affront, that I think you ought to do me Right.*

My Husband took the Song from her, and read it with that tranſport of Rage which is the true effect of Jealouſie: He read it over twenty times, without being able to pronounce the Words. *Yes, Madam,* cry'd he of a ſudden, when he had mus'd a little, *I will revenge you, and puniſh this inſolent Fellow. His Crime touches me more than it does you.* Spiteful *Ecugy* then looking more kindly upon him, than ſhe had done a great while before; *I ſee now,* ſaid ſhe, *you really love me; and I will not fail to recompenſe the Concern you have for my Honour; but remember however, that all Circumſtances conſider'd, if you make this Buſineſs too publick, you may do me an irreparable Injury.*

*Arbanante* fearing his Cozen would be ſo indiſcreet as to ſay more than was neceſſary, came into the Room, and mingling with them, appeas'd

my Husband a little; but though he kept him from breaking out into any ſudden Violence, yet he cunningly inſinuated to him, that he ought to diſmiſs the Painters immediately, without ſo much as ſeeing them; for he knew, if he had the leaſt opportunity to do it, *Dormont* would eaſily juſtifie himſelf to my Husband. His Advice therefore was exactly follow'd. Pardon me, Madam, if I do not give you all the Particulars of this cruel Separation. *Dormont* was unexpreſſibly ſurpris'd and afflicted, when he receiv'd Orders to be gone; he came into my Chamber to take his leave of me, but *Arbanante*, who was got thither before him, hindred us from expreſſing what we thought. Sorrow, which is much allay'd by complaining, becomes inſupportable when it is conceal'd. I had been in this condition when I ſaw *Dormont* go away, but that I call'd all my Reaſon to my aid, to vanquiſh my Affliction.

Affliction. Indeed my natural Melancholy kept them from diſcovering how much I was griev'd to part with him.

He went away with the true Painter, who brought him thither; but we could not learn which way they took. Madam *d' Ecugy* repented ſhe had made him leave *Eſtaiac*, for ſhe fell out with *Arbanante* about it, and in two days ſaid nothing to my Husband, but that ſhe would ſtay no longer in his Houſe. He was ſtrangely troubled at her Behaviour, becauſe he began now to find her out, and to juſtifie *Dormont*; but he had not leiſure to make theſe Reflexions long.

The Baron *d' Ecugy* hearing *Monſerolle* was come back from *Paris*, went with ſome of his Friends to beſiege him in his Houſe; and his Son came with a ſtrong Party to ſurpriſe the Caſtle of *Eſtaiac*. My Husband receiv'd the News without any Concern, and prepar'd as well

well as he could to ſupport his Friend's Intereſt, and preſerve his Miſtreſs. He got as many Men together as the time would give him leave, and left *Arbanante* the Command of *Eſtaiac* in his abſence. I was really troubled to ſee my Huſband undertake an Enterpriſe whoſe Event would be ſo doubtful; but in the midſt of my Grief, it was ſome comfort to me, to think *Dormont's* not being at *Eſtaiac*, exempted him from the Danger; mingling at once the Thoughts of my real Duty, with thoſe which my Inclination inſpir'd: for at the ſame time that I made Vows for my Husband's Return, I thank'd Heaven for withdrawing *Dormont* from the Perils which I apprehended he would have been engag'd in. Madam *d' Ecugy* was not at all concern'd, but expected the Event as calmly, as if ſhe had not the leaſt hand in it. It was now two days ſince my Husband's departure, and I was cruel impatient

to

to know the Succeſs of his Journey, when word was brought me he was come home. I went in great haſte to welcome him: But alas! Madam, I cannot recal that terrible minute, without feeling my ſelf ſeis'd with freſh Sorrow. The firſt Object I met withal was my Huſband, held up upon his Horſe by his Servants; his Clothes were all bloody, his Face pale, his Eyes half ſhut, and he had ſcarce Strength enough left to bemoan himſelf. You may imagine how afflicted I was, and that I took all the care I could of him, as my Duty requir'd. As ſoon as he was hurt, they ſent for Chyrurgeons, who came in preſently after him, and upon ſearch of his Wounds found them very dangerous. He had loſt ſo much Blood, and was ſo weak, that he could not ſpeak, but yet expreſs'd by his Actions a great deſire to ſay ſomething. I perceiv'd it, and ask'd him what it was he deſir'd: He anſwer'd me,

in a dying tone, *That he would have us take care of* Dormont. I believ'd he raved, and little minded what he ſaid, becauſe I ſaw no likelihood that *Dormont*, who was gone to *Paris*, ſhould be preſent at this Combat. After ſome Reflexion, I obſerv'd neither Madam *d' Ecugy* nor *Roſe* came into my Husband's Chamber, which made me fancy ſomething of more importance detain'd them in another place. While I was in this doubt, *Roſe* came in crying, and deſir'd we would come and help *Dormont*, who muſt needs die, if they did not dreſs him preſently.

I aſſure you, my Soul was ſo afflicted already, that I wanted nothing more to improve my Grief. I haſtned away the Chyrurgeons to look to wretched *Dormont*, while I ſtaid with my Husband. Though he was adviſ'd to reſt as much as he could, yet he continued very uneaſie, and could not forbear asking me,

me, whether Madam *d' Ecugy* were ſtill at *Eſtaiac*? I aſſur'd him ſhe was; but he would not believe me till he ſaw her, which with ſome difficulty ſhe yielded to; for ſhe was very unwilling to come out of *Dormont*'s Chamber. Her Coldneſs to him was ſuch, as any man but he would have recovered his liberty; he complain'd of it indeed, but was ſo weak, as not to make the true uſe of it. She ſaved me the labour of telling my Husband he ought not ſpeak ſo much as he did, and left him preſently to go back to *Dormont*. In the mean time that I might know how to govern my ſelf, I thought it neceſſary to inform my ſelf of the Particulars of the Combat; and not queſtioning but *Dormont* had behaved himſelf valiantly, I forbore mentioning his name at all. I had an account of it from a Gentleman of the Neighbourhood named *Plaſſac*. He told me that the Baron *d' Ecugy* having block'd

block'd up *Monſerolle* in his Houſe, ſent his Son with fifty Horſe to endeavour to ſurpriſe *Eſtaiac*; that my Husband meeting them with a far leſſer party, they encounter'd one another in ſuch a manner, that it plainly appear'd one ſide fought for Love, and the other for Honour. *However*, continued *Pleſſac*, *we began to give ground to our Aſſailants, and the Count* de Marignan, *who charg'd into the thickeſt of the Enemy would have certainly been either taken, or kill'd, had not* Dormont *come to our relief with five or ſix more, which reſtor'd the Courage of our drooping Party. The* Chevalier d' Ecugy *would have ſtood it out, but* Dormont *fell upon him with ſuch vigour, that he had not time to look about him. He expos'd his Life to open his way to the place where he ſaw the Count* de Marignan *engag'd, and would never have got thither if he had not kill'd the* Chevalier d' Ecugy. *Your Husband was already much*

*much wounded when* Dormont *came up to him, who hindred his Enemies from killing him outright. While he defended him thus, he received a great many wounds, and I never saw a man fight with more Zeal, and Judgment together. The* Chevalier d' Ecugy's *death so disheartned his Friends, that they retreated to give his Father an account of it. Though we killed them above thirty of their Men, with the loss of very few of our own, and so were Masters of the Field; yet we thought not fit to stay there any time. I immediately sent for Chyrurgeons, and was of Opinion it was safest for us to come back hither.*

When *Plassac* had ended his Relation, he assur'd me this Affair would have very ill consequences, if great care were not taken to prevent them; the only remedy he knew of, was to advise *Monserolle* to make his Peace with the Baron *d' Ecugy*, and to return his Mistress into her Friends Hands, upon these terms

terms he undertook to bring it about; but juſt as he was ready to go, *Monſeralle* came in. Never was Man more afflicted than he was to find the Count *de Marignan* in ſuch a condition; and he ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion; but let him ſay what he would, my Husband, and my Lover too were in ſuch danger of Death, that all his excuſes were very inſipid to me. *Plaſſac* very handſomly intimated to him what we deſign'd to do, which out of nicity of Honour, he would not agree to, but thought of an expedient that all of us approv'd of, which was to put Madam *d'Ecugy* into a Convent, and endeavour to reconcile the Parties concern'd.

She had a Kinſwoman at *Carcaſſonne*, who was Governeſs of a Monaſtery, thither it was reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be carry'd, in caſe they met with no difficulty in the reception of her, but being perſwaded ſhe would

would never consent to look through a Grate, they kept it secret from her.

She altogether slighted *Monserolle*, and put so many tricks upon him, that he resolv'd at last to make no scruple of forsaking her. *Plassac* went to impart the Design to Madam *d' Ecugy*'s Kinswoman.

One Night, as I was sitting by my Husbands Bed-side, full of trouble, and grief, to see him in that condition to which his wounds had brought him, one came to tell me *Dormont* was extraordinary ill; The Count of *Marignan* desir'd me to go to his Chamber, and know of him what he wanted. When I came in I found *d' Arbenante*, who came with a design to hear what the highth of his Distemper would cause him to say.

As it is not one of the least Acts of Reason to keep a Secret, especially when the Mind is prepossest; no wonder *Dormont* could not keep se-

cret

cret the Intrigues of our private Converſation, when his Reaſon was diſturb'd. He earneſtly enquired where I was. He complain'd he could not ſee me, and would needs die in all haſte, becauſe I forſook him. 'Till that time his extravagancies never ſurpriz'd me. But a ſudden fit, ſtronger than any had yet come upon him, caus'd him to raiſe himſelf up in his Bed, ſo that laying his Hand upon his Eyes, and breaking out into a violent Paſſion, *Ah, unhappy* Bleſinac, ſaid he, *not to have thy kindneſs for the Counteſs of* Marignan *more kindly anſwered. Go and die in ſome place where her Image is leſs preſent before thy imagination than here.*

He ſaid no more, but immediately after fell into a deep ſleep. *D' Arbanante*, who let not a word fall of all that *Bleſinac* had ſaid, came to me, and beholding me with a ſtern, and diſtaſtful Countenance, *Pardon me, Madam*, ſaid he, *if I give you to underſtand*,

*derſtand, that you do not mind as you ought, the Honour of your Family, when you make no diſtinction between the Earl of* Bleſinac *and* Dormont.

I muſt confeſs, Madam, ſaid the Counteſs of *Marignan* proceeding in her Diſcourſe, I found my ſelf at a ſtrange loſs, I foreſaw the ill conſequence of provoking *d'Arbanante*, and I knew very well on the other ſide it would be no leſs dangerous to flatter him. I took into conſideration, that a man void of Reaſon is not capable of keeping himſelf within the bounds of reſpect. He had ever a diſtruſt of me, and moreover, took the boldneſs to tell me, that if I had not the ſame Sentiments for him as I had for *Bleſinac*, he knew well enough how to be reveng'd of my indifference.

I left *Arbanante* in *Dormont's* Chamber, and return'd to the Count of *Marignan*, to hinder any body from coming to him, and telling him

him what *Bleſinac* had confeſt. There I found *Monſerolle*, to whom I thought it requiſite to reveal the whole matter, ſince ſo many Perſons knew it, that I muſt needs imagine it could not be long kept ſecret. I us'd all the pow'r I had with him, to obtain his utmoſt indeavour for Madam *d' Ecugy*'s departure that very Night, under the conduct of *Arbanante*, and thoſe who had brought her to *Eſtaiac*.

The Apartment of the Count of *Marignan* was ſomewhat remote from the main Body of the Houſe, which conduc'd very much to the more eaſie carrying on of our Deſign. I caus'd all the Avenues to be ſhut up, and ſtaid while *Monſerolle* went to tell Madam *d' Ecugy*, that it would be convenient for her to depart from *Eſtaiac* ; that otherwiſe her Father would come and beſiege the Caſtle, and carry her away to a Religious Houſe; to prevent which, their Intention was to conduct

duct her to *Carcaſſone*, where ſhe would better divertiſe her ſelf. As ſpecious as all theſe things were which *Monſerolle* told her, ſhe fell into ſuch a violent Paſſion, that they had no other way but to be downright with her, and to tell her in plain terms, if they were driven to Force, it was no other than what they judg'd neceſſary for the good of her Affairs. She made ſuch lamentable Outcries, that they were heard as far as my Husband's Apartment. He thought it to be the noiſe of loud Mirth and Laughter, and this Imagination drew Sighs from him, inſomuch that he told me with much ſorrow, he thought a fitter ſeaſon might have been taken for all this Mirth and Jollity. Hereupon I could no longer contain, but told him the whole truth, and added moreover all that I thought might contribute to the Cure of a Paſſion ſo ill grounded. While I was thus entertaining

taining him, and that not vainly, as I thought, *Arbanante* and Madam *d' Ecugy* made a thouſand Excuſes to put off their departure; eſpecially *Arbanante*, he muſt by all means ſpeak with the Count of *Marignan*, he muſt take his leave of me; but all would not do; both he and the Lady had a fair diſmiſſion from *Eſtaiac*.

*Monſerolle* ſtaid behind, both for his Fidelity, and the Affection he had for my Husband; of the healing of whoſe Wounds there began now to be great hopes, as well as thoſe of *Bleſinac*. I had a great curioſity to know how this laſt Perſon came into the Combat, wherein he receiv'd his Wounds. One day, when I went to viſit him, I pray'd him to tell me, and judg'd it not from the purpoſe to remind him of what Expreſſions he had let fall during the height of his Fever, imagining he would take no great diſtaſte thereat. He told me, that when

when he came from *Paris*, he order'd one of his moſt truſty Servants to wait for him at a Place a little diſtant from *Eſtaiac*, with two Horſes, till ſuch time as he heard farther from him; That at his parting from the Count of *Marignan's*, he had left the true Painter in *Paris*-Rode, and taken the way which led to that Place where his Servant was; That at his arrival he found himſelf very ill; That he reſolv'd to ſtay there till the recovery of his Health, and to try to ſend me an Account of his Affairs; That in this interim he receiv'd Intelligence my Huſband had aſſembled all his Friends to go to ſuccour *Monſerolle*, not conſulting exact Prudence, nor following any thing but the Dictates of his Love, which ingag'd him in all things that he thought might pleaſe me; That to ſerve the Count of *Marignan* the more effectually, he had got together all the People he could meet with, and oblig'd them to follow

follow him; That, in fine, he arriv'd happily enough to joyn with the Count, and reſcue him out of the Hands of his Enemies, among whom he had been ingag'd.

I took upon my own account all the Obligation my Husband and I had to *Bleſinac* for this good Office; but at the ſame time I prepar'd to remove further off from *Eſtaiac*, as ſoon as my Husband's Health would permit. It was now two or three days ſince Madam *d' Ecugy* departed thence, when my Husband bethought himſelf, and ask'd what was become of her. *Monſerolle* took upon him the Anſwer to his Demand, and told him, That all that could be ſaid or done, could not divert her from leaving *Eſtaiac* with *Arbanante*, having a mind to retire to *Carcaſſonne* with one of her Kinſwomen. This News ſeem'd to make no great Impreſſion in the Mind of the Count; he heard it without any trouble, and I have ſome reaſon to believe

believe ſhe was now become indifferent to him.

All was then very quiet at *Eſtaiac*, the Baron *d' Ecugy* had reſign'd himſelf up to grief, and the loſs of his Son made him inſenſible of the carrying away of his Daughter. But ſhe enjoy'd not the ſame advantage: All the way ſhe went to *Carcaſſonne* ſhe vow'd to be reveng'd of *Monſerolle*, *Bleſinac*, and my ſelf; for *d' Arbenante* had told her that *Dormont* was but a fictitious name under which *Bleſinac* conceal'd himſelf. The deſire ſhe had to ruine us ſomewhat moderated the violence of her Paſſion; being arriv'd at *Carcaſſonne* they found *Plaſſac* ready to conduct her into the Houſe to which ſhe was to go; but *d' Arbanante* and ſhe were equally ſurpriz'd when they ſaw that this Houſe was a Convent. Her Kinſwoman took her part in oppoſing her coming in, but *Monſerolle* had given order to *Plaſſac* to get her in

in by force in caſe any reſiſtance were made, and to make uſe of thoſe who guarded her thither, for thoſe he had made ſure of for his Deſign. As ſoon as ſhe was enter'd into the Convent, *Plaſſac* told *d'Arbanante* from the Count of *Marignan*, that he was deſir'd not to come to his Houſe any more. *Plaſſac* having ſo well acquitted himſelf of his Commiſſion, came back to *Eſtaiac*, and gave us an account of his proceedings according as I have related.

Though *Bleſinac*'s wounds were worſe than the Count of *Marignan*'s, yet they were ſooner cur'd, and he began to come abroad when *Plaſſac* arriv'd at *Carcaſſonne*. *Roſe* had inform'd him, that in the delirium of one of his Fever fits he had diſcover'd his true Birth, and the fear of giving me any new trouble caus'd him to prepare in all haſte to leave *Eſtaiac*. Being one time retir'd for a while from my Husband's Cham-

ber,

ber, I receiv'd a Meſſage from *Bleſinac*, That he deſir'd a few moments Diſcourſe with me; in which Requeſt I thought I could not in civility but oblige him. To one that hath an Heart truly touch'd, all the Preſages which Love gives are infallible. I felt not within me, when he talk'd of parting, that delicate Pleaſure which commonly attends upon the Converſation of the Perſon lov'd; and though I was reſolv'd not to ſuffer him to ſtay at *Eſtaiac*, yet I had ſomething of trouble and inquietude for his departure, which I inclin'd rather to retard, than haſten; but at laſt he reſolv'd upon departing; and as I durſt not, ſo I would not hinder it.

Moreover *Bleſinac* being no way concern'd in the Diſtaſte which *Dormont* had receiv'd from the Count of *Marignan*, he thought he had no reaſon to leave *Eſtaiac* without taking his leave of him. The Count,

who had been oblig'd to him, did all he could to detain him, but in vain. I muſt confeſs, for my own part, I was forc'd to call all my Reaſon and my Honour to my aſſiſtance, to ſupport the bitterneſs of this Separation. I bid him adieu in my Husband's Chamber, for fear ſome freſh eruption of Tenderneſs from me might have oblig'd him to a longer ſtay at our Houſe. *Monſerolle* could not refrain telling me, he wonder'd to ſee what Power and maſtery I had over my ſelf, in an Affair where the ſoundeſt Reaſon is apt to give it ſelf the Lie. 'Tis true, all was calm and fair in outward appearance; but my Heart was full of trouble and diſquiet. I paſs'd two days in this Condition; and thoſe two days ſeem'd to me longer and more tedious than all the reſt of my Life: But this was onely the beginning of my Misfortune, which how fatally it proceeded, you will preſently ſee.

One

One Morning being found aſleep, in regard I went very late to bed, I was waken'd by moſt hideous Outcries and Lamentations, which pierc'd my very Heart. I roſe in great haſte, and ran to the Window which looks out into the Caſtle-yard. I could diſtinguiſh *Roſe*'s Voice from all the reſt of the Servants, who were all gather'd about a dead Man. But, oh! how cruel and diſmal to me was the ſight of this dead Man? And ſo much the more cruel, as he was more known to me, and valu'd by me. Death it ſelf, as terrible as it is, cannot efface the Characters of Love. Judge then how much rather I ſhould have choſen to have died my ſelf, than to ſee lying dead before me the Body of the unfortunate *Bleſinac*. I could ſcarce believe my ſelf awake; and for a while Aſtoniſhment ſuſpended the Effects of Grief. I was juſt fallen into a Trance, when *Monſerolle* entred the Chamber, to ac-

quaint me with the Circumſtances of this Tragical Adventure. He was preparing to begin his Diſcourſe with ſome Precautions, that he might not throw too great a Burden of Grief upon me all at once; but he ſoon perceiv'd by the Condition he ſaw me in, that I knew too much already. He ſaid nothing, but his Tears ſpoke for him; and mine gave to the Memory of *Bleſinac* what his Love required from my Tenderneſs.

As thoſe who are really afflicted never think they can grieve enough, ſo I labour'd rather to increaſe than diminiſh my Grief; and this caus'd me to ask of *Monſerolle*, what he knew of the Death of the Count of *Bleſinac*. He told me, That as ſoon as the Caſtle Gate was opened, an unknown Perſon came up to him, with a Horſe, on which *Bleſinac* was ſeated dead, and cover'd with a Cloke; That he had a Letter for me, and another for the Count

Count of *Marignan*. Since it concern'd me to have both theſe Letters, I caus'd the Man to be brought in, who by his Countenance did not appear to be guilty of ſo wicked an Action.

He told me with great ſigns of grief, that a Cavalier whom he knew not, had by threats forc'd him to bring the body to my Houſe, and the better to aſſure himſelf of the performance, he attended the Corps himſelf as far as the Gate, and that he lay lurking in a place hard by, to obſerve all the Paſſages that might inſue; having thus ſaid, he preſented me with the Letter which the ſaid Cavalier had order'd to be given into my own Hands. *Monſerolle* knew by the Writing that it was from the Traitour *d' Arbanante*. I had not power to read it, and *Monſerolle* thought it not convenient that the fellow who brought it ſhould know any of the Contents, but asking him for that

which was directed to the Count of *Marignan*, he had it presently deliver'd him. *Monserolle* order'd the fellow to be secur'd, but withal took care he should be civilly treated, and then opening *d' Arbanante's* Letter to me, he found in it these words.

*BEhold here, Madam, the Object of your Love, and my Hatred: We have both of us satisfied our Passions; and if I have not so well consulted as I ought for my own Glory, by taking away his Life, know, that you have cast off yours in the whole Course of that Correspondence you have had with him. I wish the sight of a Man that was so dear to you, may be an eternal Reproach to you; and that as it tends to my revenge, so it may to your punishment; that as you are the Cause of my Crime, so also you may bear the Burthen of that Remorse which I ought to have as well as you, for having been so highly unfaithful to your Husband.*

I

I forgot to tell you, Madam, That *Monſerolle* had ſent out ſome People to try to apprehend *Arbanante*, or at leaſt to diſcover where his Haunt was; and the truth is, if there were any thing capable of affording me Conſolation, it was the hope of ſeeing that Traytor ſuffer the Puniſhment he deſerv'd. The Letter which you have heard not availing any thing either as to his Crime, or my Reſentment, I pray'd *Monſerolle* to read that which was for my Husband, which was to this effect.

*THink it not ſtrange that I have given Death to the Man who ſav'd your Life: Whatever Obligation you thought you had to him, you will be better inform'd, if you can believe what I now aſſure you, That you are more oblig'd to me, than to him, ſince in killing him, I have reveng'd you of a Man who took away your Honour. As* Dormont, *he abus'd*

*bus'd your Good-nature; as* Bleſinac, *he hath inſulted over your Reputation, even in your own Houſe, into which he intruded himſelf for that end. I have an Opinion of you good enough to believe, you will not diſapprove the Triumph I have gain'd over him in your behalf.*

*Monſerolle*, as ſoon as he had made an end of reading this Letter, broke out into a great rage; and as he was heartily deſirous of Revenge, he bid me be of good comfort, and reſt aſſured upon his Word, that he would take care this Villany ſhould not go unpuniſh'd; and took upon him to inform the Count of *Marignan* of all that was neceſſary to let him know of this Adventure. He was very ſenſibly afflicted; and ſo much the more, becauſe he believ'd it was the Baron *d' Ecugy* who had caus'd *Dormont* to be aſſaſſinated, and was not to be diſpoſſeſs'd of that belief.

My

My Husband caus'd to be rendred to the Memory of this Illuſtrious Perſon all the Honours that could have been given him, had his true Birth been known. In outward appearance, the ſorrowful Concernment I had upon this Occaſion, was no other than what was expreſs'd by *Monſerolle*, *Plaſſac*, *Roſe*, and the reſt of our Domeſticks: But that Grief which ſprings from bare Compaſſion may eaſily find Conſolation, and be ſatisfied by the neceſſity of ſuffering what can't be help'd. The Count of *Marignan* muſt be excepted, who totally reſign'd himſelf up to Sorrow, for the loſs of a Man who had ſo generouſly ſav'd his Life. His Mind would admit of nothing which might give him any Relief, and ſo effectually repreſented to him all that was excellent and amiable in *Dormont*, that in a few days he fell into a deep Melancholy, which ſoon turn'd all Hopes of his Recovery,

into juſt Fears for his Life, and, in concluſion, prov'd his Death.

The firſt Sentiment this ſudden End of his inſpir'd me with, was the ſhame of ſurviving him, and to ſee that Friendſhip wrought more effectually in him, than Love could in me. Hereupon I reflected upon all the Misfortunes that had happened, and I found my ſelf ſo violently overwhelm'd with Grief, that I expected nothing leſs than in a ſhort time to follow my Husband and my Lover.

After I had perform'd the Ceremonies due to the Memory of the Count of *Marignan*, I gave *Monſerolle* to underſtand, that Decency oblig'd me to deny my ſelf all manner of Conſolation. He offer'd to bear me company in Affliction all his Life-time; and he had reaſon; for he knew well enough how little my Heart was my own, and perſiſted not in asking me what I was not able to grant him. So we parted,

parted, and I reſolved immediately for *Paris*, upon ſome Concerns of our Family: But before I went from *Eſtaiac*, I had the ſatisfaction to underſtand, that the perfidious *Arbanante* periſh'd in a River, which he endeavour'd to croſs, to eſcape the Purſuit that was made after him by *Monſerolle*. In fine, I left *Eſtaiac* with a full reſolution of betaking my ſelf to a Monaſtery, there ſecurely and freely to bewail all the Misfortunes of my Life.

The Counteſs of *Marignan* finiſh'd her Story with ſo many Sighs and Tears, that Madam *de Mezelon* could not but give freedom to her own Tears, to accompany thoſe of her Friend. They renew'd their former Friendſhip, and vow'd an eternal Union of Hearts, however their Perſons might be ſeparated; as in a very ſhort time they were to be: for Madam *de Marignan* was oblig'd to go back to *Bayonne*, and Madam *de Mezelon* to *Vaucluſe*.

*FINIS.*